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The Man on the Box

GRACE LIVINGSTON FURNISS

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th St., New York

BILLETED.

A comedy in 3 acts, by F. Tennison Jesse and H. Harwood. 4 male 5 females. One easy interior scene. A charming comedy, constructe with uncommon skill, and abounds with clever lines. Margaret Anglin big success. Amateurs will find this comedy easy to produce and popul with all audiences. Price, 60 Cent

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

A comedy in 3 acts. By James Montgomery. 5 males, 6 females. Co tumes, modern. Two interior scenes. Plays 2½ hours.

Is it possible to tell the absolute truth—even for twenty-four hours? It is at least Bob Bennett, the hero of "Nothing But the Truth," accomplished th feat. The bet he made with his business partners, and the trouble he got into with his partners, his friends, and his fiancée—this is the subject of Willia Collier's tremendous comedy hit. "Nothing But the Truth" can be whole-hearted recommended as one of the most sprightly, amusing and popular comedies th this country can boast. Price, 60 Cent

IN WALKED JIMMY.

A comedy in 4 acts, by Minnie Z. Jaffa. 10 males, 2 females (althoug any number of males and females may be used as clerks, etc.) Tw interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours. The thing in which Jimmy walked was a broken-down shoe factory, when the clerk had all been fired, and when the proprietor was in serious contemplatio of suicide.

Jimmy, nothing else but plain Jimmy, would have been a mysterious figu had it not been for his matter-of-fact manner, his smile and his everlastin humanness. He put the shoe business on its feet, won the heart of the gi clerk, saved her erring brother from jail, escaped that place as a permanen boarding house himself, and foiled the villain.

Clean, wholesome comedy with just a touch of human nature, just a dash excitement and more than a little bit of true philosophy make "In Walked Jimmy one of the most delightful of plays. Jimmy is full of the religion of life, th religion of happiness and the religion of helpfulness, and he so permeates th atmosphere with his "religion" that everyone is happy. The spirit of optimis good cheer, and hearty laughter dominates the play. There is not a dull mome in any of the four acts. We strongly recommend it. Price, 60 Cent

MARTHA BY-THE-DAY.

An optimistic comedy in three acts, by Julie M. Lippmann, author o the "Martha" stories. 5 males, 5 females. Three interior scenes. Co tumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

It is altogether a gentle thing, this play. It is full of quaint humor, old fashioned, homely sentiment, the kind that people who see the play will reca and chuckle over tomorrow and the next day.

Miss Lippmann has herself adapted her very successful book for stage servic and in doing this has selected from her novel the most telling incidents, infectiou comedy and homely sentiment for the play, and the result is thoroughly delightfu Price, 60 Cent

(The Above Are Subject to Royalty When Produced)

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

The Man On The Box

A Comedy in Three Acts

Founded on HAROLD McGRATH'S Novel of the same name

BY

GRACE LIVINGSTON FURNISS

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MAN ON A BOX

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THE MAN ON THE BOX.

CHARACTERS.

LIEUTENANT ROBERT WORBURTON..*Lately resigned*
MR. CHARLES HENDERSON.....*His chum*
COL. GEORGE ANNESLEY.. *A retired Army Officer*
COUNT KARLOFF.....*A Russian Diplomat*
COL. FRANK RALEIGH...WORBURTON'S *Regimental Colonel*
MONSIEUR PIERRE.....*The* ANNESLEY'S *chef*
MAGISTRATE WATTS..*Of the third Precinct Court*
CLERK OF THE COURT.
OFFICER O'BRIEN.....*Of the mounted police*
OFFICER CASSIDY....*Of the third Precinct Police Station*
WILLIAM.....*A stableboy*
MISS BETTY ANNESLEY..*The* COLONEL'S *daughter*
MISS NANCY WORBURTON.....*Her chum*
MRS. CONWAY.....*Her confidante*
CORA.....*Her maid*

ACT I. JUDGE WATT'S private examination room in the Third Precinct.
ACT II. The "Snuggery" of COLONEL ANNESLEY'S home at Chevy Chase.
ACT III Same as ACT II.

TIME:—*Now.*

SCENE:—*Washington, D. C.*

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The Man On The Box

ACT I.

SCENE:—JUDGE WATT'S *private room.*

DISCOVERED:—CASSIDY *reading newspaper*—MARTIN *the clerk, writing at desk* R. O'BRIEN *entering* L. U. E.

O'BRIEN. Good-morning, Mr. Martin.

MARTIN. Good-morning, O'Brien.

O'BRIEN. Hello, Cassidy, how's yourself?

CASSIDY. Hello, O'Brien! What are you doing here?

O'BRIEN. I'm just in as witness against the fly bird I run in last night. He's in number 14, seen him yet?

CASSIDY. The dandy coachman? Sure.

O'BRIEN. He's no coachman.

CASSIDY. What's he wearing livery for, then?

O'BRIEN. I'm thinking he's got his livery not long before he got his name, and he made that up as we came along last night. First he was going to have Robert, then he tried John, but finally he settled down to James Osborne, and there he stuck, and oh, Gee! you ought to have heard the jolly he gave me.

CASSIDY. He put up a splendid talk with me this morning. First thing I hears was him yelling Porter, oh, Porter!

O'BRIEN. Thinking he was in a Pullman

CASSIDY. Sure; and when I got it into his head that he was in the Police Station, he up and gave me what for; because he couldn't get a bath—a *bath!*

O'BRIEN. Didn't I say he was no coachman?

CASSIDY. I don't know about that, but he's a cracker-jack to talk and serves out his orders as if he was Boss of the ward. I had my own fun with him, for with it all, he's a good-natured chap.

O'BRIEN. I'm thinking he might be a "second-story" man, or one of those swell confidence fellows with a slick new game over from New York.

CASSIDY. He's running a hot-air plant here all right. What was the trouble last night, anyway?

O'BRIEN. Disorderly conduct, reckless driving and the abduction of two female ladies.

CASSIDY. Abduction! Sure, by the look of him, I should think he could get all the girls he wanted, just by whistling.

O'BRIEN. Not in the class he was after last night.

MARTIN. I wish you two fellows would shut up! How do you think I can write with that confounded buzzing?

CASSIDY. (*Up* R.) All right, Mr. Martin. (*Breaks off as* HENDERSON *enters* L. 3) Well, sir?

HENDERSON. (*Crossing* R.) I wish to see Judge Watts.

CASSIDY. He hasn't arrived yet, sir. This is his private room.

HENDERSON. So I understand. (*Taking out card*) My name is Henderson, I am on the Evening Star.

CASSIDY. If you're a reporter, sir, you'd best wait outside till Court opens.

HENDERSON. My business is personal and important; and I want to see the Judge before Court opens.

CASSIDY. How about it, Mr. Martin?

MARTIN. The Judge will see no one until after court. (*Exits* R. 2)

HENDERSON. (*Taking out money*) He will see me—he must. Say that I'll not detain him a moment.

CASSIDY. He'll see no one till court is over. (*Down* R.)

HENDERSON. (*Pacing away impatiently*) That will be too late for my affair. (*Returning to* CASSIDY) See here, my man, I'll tell you how it is. A friend of mine got into a ridiculous scrape, was arrested last night, and is in the station-house now——

CASSIDY. If he was in the raid——

HENDERSON. No, no! He's a friend of mine, a *gentleman*—He sent me a note this morning.

O'BRIEN. (L. *of* JUDGE'S *desk*) Then I'm thinking your name is Mr. Charles Henderson?

HENDERSON. Certainly.

O'BRIEN. And what's the name of your friend?

HENDERSON. His name? Oh—his name is—Jove!—(*Pulls out letter—glances at it*) His name is James Osborne!

O'BRIEN. I told him last night that's as good as any other.

HENDERSON. You saw him then?

O'BRIEN. I ran him in.

HENDERSON. Then of course you know there is a mistake.

O'BRIEN. Sure! I knew he was no coachman—

HENDERSON. (*Astounded*) Coachman!

O'BRIEN. (*To* CASSIDY *with a wink*) What did I say?

HENDERSON. (*Recovering himself*) It's of no consequence—it is absolutely necessary that his case is not taken into Court. That is why I must see Judge Watts and arrange for a private hearing.

CASSIDY. You'll need a pretty big pull to arrange that.

HENDERSON. I'll manage it if I can only see the Judge. I *must* see him. I will see him! (*To*

CASSIDY, *offering bill.* O'BRIEN *has turned away. Tentatively*) If you can persuade the Judge to see the——?

CASSIDY. Give me your card, sir! I'll head him off in the corridor. (*Makes quick comedy exit* R. 2)

O'BRIEN. I'm thinking that you didn't expect to find your friend wearing a coachman's coat, sir.

HENDERSON. Can I use your telephone?

O'BRIEN. Sure.

HENDERSON. (*Finds it on desk* L. *Vehemently*) Nothing that my friend could do would surprise me; *nothing.*

O'BRIEN. (L. *of desk*) I'm thinking the name surprised you all right.

HENDERSON. (*Looking through telephone book*) And I'm thinking such a Sherlock Holmes is wasted on the mounted police. (*Sits by desk—takes up 'phone*) Dodge knows Watts—he's behind that river and harbor bill. Hello, Central! Give me 1430 West.

O'BRIEN. Calling for help, are you? Well—I'm thinking——

HENDERSON. Did you ever try thinking with your mouth shut?

O'BRIEN. (*Grinning*) That might help some.

HENDERSON. Try it. (*To 'phone*) Is this Senator Dodge? Good-morning, Senator. (*Looks up and finds* O'BRIEN *looking over shoulder.* O'BRIEN *moves off*) This is Charlie Henderson, I'm in the Police Court. Eh? (*With laugh*) No—no—just trying to get a friend out of trouble. He's in an absurd sort of scrape, and I'm bound to get him a private hearing, and keep the thing out of the papers. Eh? (*Listens*) Oh, his name—Oh, yes, his name——

O'BRIEN. (*Down* L.) You'll find it in the letter.

HENDERSON. Keep quiet! (*To 'phone*) No, no, not you, Senator. They're making so much noise here. His name is James Osborne—and I want you

to call up Judge Watts in five minutes, and demand a private examination for a man you are interested in, James Osborne. No—of course you are not—but I want you to say you are. See. Put it up to the Judge good and strong, will you? (*Listens*) Yes—yes—I'll give you the story later. Meantime, thanks—Call him up in five minutes. Please. Good-bye. (*Rings off*)

O'BRIEN. You hit the mark that time, all right; the old man and Senator Dodge are pals. You know the speaker, too!

HENDERSON. Well, I don't. (*In 'phone*) Give me 9618 North, Central. (*Pause*) Hello! Is this the Star? Connect me with Mr. Plunket, please.

O'BRIEN. Going to set the Press on him. Well, well!

HENDERSON. (*In 'phone*) This is Charlie Henderson, Mr. Plunkett, I want a little influence to bear on Judge Watts, to make him give a friend of mine a private examination. (*Listens*) No, sir!! Nothing of that kind, I assure you. Just a fool joke, and of course he doesn't want to show up in Court. (*Listens*) That's awfully good of you. Call Watts up inside the next ten minutes, and insist on a private hearing for James Osborne. You know how to put it—Good-bye! (*Rings off*)

O'BRIEN. I'm thinking if you called up the President——

HENDERSON. (*Rising to* R. *and below desk*) Oh, I say! Do they keep you here to make pleasing conversation, or, as an ornament?

O'BRIEN. Sure! I'm the witness against your friend.

HENDERSON. Witness! I wish to Heaven I'd had your advantage of knowing what it is all about!

(WATTS *enters followed by* CASSIDY R. 2.)

WATTS. (*Handing* CASSIDY *hat, who takes it to*

table up and returns to R.) Where is—Oh, is this Mr. Henderson?

HENDERSON. Yes, sir. I ventured to be importunate in behalf of a friend who is coming up for trial this morning—It is a mistake you understand, Judge, a Joke.

WATTS. (*To* CASSIDY) You said it was a matter of life and death.

CASSIDY. The gentleman said so, your Honor.

HENDERSON. I daresay I exaggerated—I was excited—The dear old chap's reputation is at stake, so I venture to beg the courtesy of a private hearing—

WATTS. (*Interrupting*) Out of the question, except in cases of extreme delicacy.

HENDERSON. But this is a delicate case, sir.

WATTS. What is the charge against him?

HENDERSON. Nothing serious. Really, Judge, I am not posted about the affair. My friend dashed off a hurried note asking me to secure a private examination——

WATTS. And suggesting that you use your influence as a journalist to cover up his misdemeanor. I've a dozen such applications a week, and my answer is the same to all—Not to be considered. (*Starts to go*)

HENDERSON. But Judge!

WATTS. (*Turning*) I make no exceptions. I regret to seem disobliging, (*Telephone bell rings.* O'BRIEN *answers it*) Mr. Henderson, there is a principle involved in this—(*Starts to go*)

O'BRIEN. (*From telephone*) Your honor. for you, sir!

WATTS. (*Crossing* L. *to telephone*) Hello! This is Judge Watts—Eh? Oh! (*Very blandly*) Good-morning, my dear, Senator. What can I do for you? (*Listens*) I certainly will strain a point to oblige you, but you know my principles. (O'BRIEN *winks to* HENDERSON, *who involuntarily*

smiles back as WATTS *turns to him*) What is your friend's name, sir?

HENDERSON. (*Startled*) James Osborne.

WATTS. Humph! (*In 'phone*) Well, I'll not promise, Senator; I must consider a bit. (*Listens*) I am of the opinion that the mortification will do your friend good. (*Listens*) I quite understand that you made a personal matter of the request. I'll think it over. Excuse me. Court opens in ten minutes. (*Rings off, gets up, walks over and confronts* HENDERSON) Have you seen Senator Dodge this morning?

HENDERSON. No, sir.

WATTS. You know him, of course.

HENDERSON. Not at all, sir. (*Bowing as bell rings and extending behind him, bill for* CASSIDY. *Clerk re-entering* R. 2, *takes bill when* CASSIDY *stops him and pockets money himself.* WATTS *starts to exit* R. *when telephone bell rings*—WATTS *takes it up*)

WATTS. Hello! You are talking to Judge Watts. Oh, what can I do for you, Mr. Plunkett? (*Listens*)

(O'BRIEN *winks to* HENDERSON, *shakes his fist. Clerk at desk* R.)

WATTS. Humph! This Osborne seems well provided with friends. (*Listens*) Well, my dear Plunkett, since you make it an absolutely personal matter, I must, of course, yield.

HENDERSON. (*Aside, delighted*) Great!

WATTS. But you understand, that I cannot let my decision be affected. Very well, then, I will do it. Good-bye! (*Rings off, looks around to catch* HENDERSON *waving his hat*) I suppose you admit knowing the Editor of your own paper?

HENDERSON. (*Slightly disconcerted*) Naturally.

WATTS. I'll not ask if you've seen *him* this morn-

ing, because as the telephone book says—"Don't call, telephone." (*Rises*)

HENDERSON. I assure you——

WATTS. (*Crossing to door* R.) I understand your little trick, Mr. Henderson, but it is barely possible your friend may wish you hadn't been quite so clever. Bring this Osborne in here, Cassidy. (*Goes to door* R. 2)

HENDERSON. I cannot express my gratitude.

WATTS. Don't try. Good-morning! (*Exits* R. 2. CASSIDY *exits* R. 3)

O'BRIEN. You've set his back up all right now. I'm thinking this Osborne will be up against the law, good and hard.

HENDERSON. Well, I got the hearing. Now, let me think! Oh! the clothes—Has a messenger turned up with a suit-case for me?

O'BRIEN. He's not been in here. P'raps he's in the Warden's office below.

HENDERSON. I'll look him up. Tell Osborne, I'll be back in a moment. (*Exits* L. 3)

O'BRIEN. Did you hear the way he joshed the judge by telephone.

MARTIN. He's cooked Osborne's goose by doing it—What's the fellow like anyway?

O'BRIEN. Sure, he's the flossiest thing that ever blew down the pike. He's got pink nails, nice little shiny pink nails.

MARTIN. Oh, fade away, fade away. I'm busy. (*Crosses to door* R. 2)

O'BRIEN. (*Glancing out of window* R. 3) Wait and you'll see him! He's coming along with Cassidy. Spick and span as a pin!

MARTIN. (*Glancing out of door* R. 3) Is that him? Well—I understand the row now! (*Exits* R. 2)

O'BRIEN. (*Bowing to door* R. *mockingly*) This way, your Highness, we're holding court in here to-

day for you. (*Steps back down* L. *of desk* L. C. *as* WORBURTON *enters followed by* CASSIDY)

WORBURTON. (*Coming down* C.) Hello! You are the officer who arrested me, aren't you?

O'BRIEN. Yes, my lord, I had the honor of running you in, and now I'm calling to inquire how you like the hotel.

WORBURTON. (*Good-naturedly*) It's a charming place—I wouldn't let my dog sleep on such a bed! But then, my dog has too much sense to come here. It is a triumph of mind over matter, the only place I ever saw where you could breathe without air; wash without water; dress without a glass, and comb your hair without a comb.

CASSIDY. (R.) Didn't I loan you my own mustache comb?

WORBURTON. Oh, I've got it in for you, you wouldn't bring me any breakfast.

CASSIDY. We run a strictly cash game here, my boy, no coin, no breakfast, leastwise, no fancy spread such as you ordered from the hotel. Besides, you had what the rest has.

WORBURTON. I wish you'd let me forget that coffee and bacon, ink and boots—ugh! (*To* O'BRIEN L.) How about that letter I sent to Mr. Henderson?

O'BRIEN. He got it all right! He's been hustling here this last half hour and the Judge is coming to give you a private hearing!

WORBURTON. He is! Good for Charlie, I knew he'd pull me through.

CASSIDY. If I'd seen your friend first, you'd have got your breakfast. He's a gentleman, he is. (*Exit* R. 2)

WORBURTON. (*To* O'BRIEN) Still grinning—you must have a cheerful disposition—the last thing I remember last night, was you on the broad grin. (*Yawns*)

O'BRIEN. I can't get over the cheek of you!

Say, young fellow, do you happen to know the name of the swell you was after abducting last night?

WORBURTON. (*Irritably*) Abducting! Nonsense! I told you last night it was a mistake! Can't I hammer into your thick head that I—er—simply got the wrong carriage? (*Facing about*) Abducting! Bosh! Why the deuce should *I* abduct women!

O'BRIEN. I'm thinking it was the ladies' sparklers you was after, not the kiss, and I'm thinking you're no groom. (*Winks*)

WORBURTON. And I'm thinking that thinking isn't your line of work, so you'd better try something easier. If you hadn't done so much thinking last night, and had taken me to Mr. Henderson, I could have explained everything, he would have answered for me. (*Sits on desk*)

O'BRIEN. (*Winking*) And while I was gossiping with your pal, you'd have been taking leg bail. He's a slick party all right.

WORBURTON. Oh, well, it doesn't matter. It was merely a ridiculous joke.

O'BRIEN. I'm thinking that kiss wasn't a joke, to Miss Betty Annesley. Ah, ha! my buck! You've heard the name before, haven't you, Mr. *James Osborne?*

WORBURTON. Never. I'm a stranger in Washington.

O'BRIEN. You're a poor hand at lying. I'll say that much for you. But I warn you, old Watts is an equally poor hand at jokes, so you'd better tell the truth.

WORBURTON. The truth isn't picturesque enough to suit you, my friend; all the same I'll not admit that I'm either a diamond thief or an abductor of women.

O'BRIEN. Why did you kiss the lady then?

WORBURTON. Why does any man kiss any woman?

O'BRIEN. 'Cause he wants a kiss. (*Goes to door* L. 3)

WOBBURTON. Very good for a policeman. You'll be an inspector some day. (R. C. *as* HENDERSON *enters* L. 3) Jove! It's Charley!

HENDERSON. (*Entering*) Has he—(*Stops, stares at* WORBURTON *amazed*) Why?

WORBURTON. (*With servant's air*) Ah, Mr. Henderson, your servant.

HENDERSON. (*Coming down* L. C. *below desk*) It is you! Why you're——

WORBURTON. (*To* O'BRIEN) If it's not against the law I'd like to see my friend alone.

O'BRIEN. Sure! I'm only in as a witness against you? Did you find your bag, sir? (*Crosses to door* L. 3)

HENDERSON. Yes—I sent the suit-case over to cell 14. They said that was the number.

O'BRIEN. That's right, sir. (*Exit* L. 3)

WORBURTON. (R. C.) You remembered my clothes?

HENDERSON. (L. C.) I've remembered everything—fixed everything—done everything. You are to have a private examination.

WORBURTON. I knew you'd manage it. Clever old chap. Good old Charley! (*Pats his shoulder affectionately*)

HENDERSON. That's all right! But next time you get in a scrape, give "Good old Charley" the facts to work on. Jupiter! I never felt such a fool in my life, demanding a private hearing when I don't know whether you'd stolen a baby, or robbed a bank.

WORBURTON. I didn't have time.

HENDERSON. Time for what?

WORBURTON. To write details.

HENDERSON. Well—give me the story now, get ahead! Why are you wearing those absurd clothes! Why have you shaved off your beard, and why the deuce are you calling yourself *James Osborne.*

WORBURTON. Because it struck me last night it

was a better name for the Police blotter than Robert Worburton.

HENDERSON. (*Sits on edge of desk*) Well, tell me why Robert Worburton is in the station-house?

WORBURTON. (*Beside* HENDERSON) Because he is an ass! That double-dyed, ingrained, long-eared ass called a practical joker. Jove! Well, I'll tell you. When you all went off to the ball at the Embassy last night, you remember you told me you and John were going on to a diplomatic conference, leaving Mrs. John and Nancy to drive home alone.

HENDERSON. Yes, the girls came back alone, found you gone, your hat on the rack, no explanation——

WORBURTON. Wait a moment. The instant you were off, I had a brilliant inspiration! Why not shave my beard, borrow William's livery, take his place on the box, drive the girls home at break-neck speed, jump down and scare the life out of my beloved sister, Nancy, by receiving her with a kiss? I thought she would think I was William, you know, and—(*Hesitates, looks at* HENDERSON *ruefully*)

HENDERSON. (*Rising, wrathfully*) And you thought that was a joke?

WORBURTON. I did last night, but the cream is a little sour on it this morning. (*Rises*) However, to think it was to do it, and at two o'clock this morning I met William outside the British Embassy. He came running down the line to meet me, jammed the carriage check in my hand, pointed out a brougham, and fled——

HENDERSON. And you——

WORBURTON. The confusion was infernal. Everybody was leaving at once, all the carriages blocked, policemen and coachmen swearing so I was a trifle rattled. However, I rushed up and jumped to the box just as my number was called, drove up and took in the girls, and started off down the avenue licketty split.

HENDERSON. (*Lighting cigar*) Now, I know you are lying. They never said a word of all this.

WORBURTON. I daresay, because as luck would have it, I happened to get the wrong carriage.

HENDERSON. The wrong carriage? (*Bursts out laughing*) By Jove! But that's rich! The wrong carriage! and the wrong girls!

WORBURTON. Funny, isn't it? My number was 17, but I was rattled; as I said, and read it 71.

HENDERSON. Serves you right. And you didn't know your own sister!

WORBURTON. Grooms are not supposed to turn their heads, so all I could see out of the tail of my eye was two feminine bundles getting in, one in a long cloak such as I brought Nancy from Paris—Give me a cigar—I'm dead for a smoke.

HENDERSON. (*Handing him cigar*) And then?

WORBURTON. (*Facing about*) Oh, I lost my way and my temper, took it out of the horses, and before I could get them in hand we were tearing down Vermont Avenue followed by two mounted Policemen—the women screaming like Camanchees——

HENDERSON. (*Giving* WORBURTON *light*) Women have no sense of humor, you know.

WORBURTON. Of course I saw the game was up when those beggars gave chase, so I rushed the brougham up to the curb, jumped down just in time to catch Nancy as she fell out, and gave her a sound brotherly smack.

HENDERSON. By Jove! And Nancy was?

WORBURTON. Miss Betty Annesley, the girl with whom I crossed on the steamer and swore I'd marry if I ever could get introduced. Oh, it's a devil of a mess.

HENDERSON. Never mind, Bob! it's not the first romance that's ended in the Police Station.

WORBURTON. It's not ended. She has promised

to appear in Court this morning and see that the punishment fits my crime.

HENDERSON. (*Laughing*) What's the charge?

WORBURTON. Disorderly conduct—that's the kiss—reckless driving which I admit—and abduction—which is bosh! (*Crossing* HENDERSON *to* L., *leaving him* R.)

HENDERSON. Abduction! (*Bursts out laughing*) Oh, Bob, Bob! and the scream of it is that had you gone to the ball with your family, you would have met Betty Annesley under the happiest circumstances, for she and Nancy were schoolmates, and bosom friends.

WORBURTON. (*Blankly*) They were! Then why the deuce didn't Nancy say so when I described Miss Annesley, and my frantic attempt to get an introduction on the steamer.

HENDERSON. Nancy is a joker herself, and wanted to punish you for not going to the ball with us. Miss Annesley was stunning in white and silver—a very fair excuse for love at first sight. She dances like a breeze. I had two waltzes while you cooled your heels on the box.

WORBURTON. Oh, well, I'm ahead of the game, for I had a kiss.

HENDERSON. Which will cost you ten dollars.

WORBURTON. And would be cheap at a million. She's—look here, Charlie, I depend on you to help me out; it's serious, with me, you understand. I'm going to marry that girl.

HENDERSON. You think she'll forgive that kiss?

WORBURTON. Who is to tell her that James Osborne and Robert Worburton are the same man?

HENDERSON. Nancy. The dear girl couldn't keep a joke like this in her system two minutes.

WORBURTON. Nancy will never know anything about it.

HENDERSON. You'll have to tell the family, old man. Nancy is half frantic. When I left the house

she and your brother John were deciding to set the detectives on your trail.

WORBURTON. I'll settle all that. As soon as I can wind up the farce in Court this morning, I shall write, saying that Stuart wired me to meet him for a hunt in Canada, and that I had just time to catch the train last night. Then *you* can say—you're a good liar, Charlie—you can say——

HENDERSON. You're crazy.

WORBURTON. No, I'm in love!

(CASSIDY *enters* R. 2, *and* O'BRIEN *enters* L. 3.)

CASSIDY. His honor is coming in. Mother of Mike, look at 'im smoking. Where do you think you are? In a bar-room? (*Comes in between them, takes cigars away and goes up* R. *They follow him up.* HENDERSON *crosses around desk and down* L. C.)

O'BRIEN. The Judge won't stand for smoking in his room—I'll open the door and air it a bit. (*Opens door* L. R. *Bows off*)

WORBURTON. Say, Officer, have you any idea what they are liable to do to me?

CASSIDY. (*Grinning cheerfully*) All that the law allows. The old man was making speeches at a charity dinner till two o'clock this morning, and he's ready to hang the whole lot of you.

WORBURTON. (*Up* R.) That's cheerful!

HENDERSON. (*Down* L. *of desk* L. C.) And what does the law allow, officer?

CASSIDY. Disorderly conduct and reckless driving is thirty days.

HENDERSON. Time to grow a beard, James.

CASSIDY. But abduction is a crime, I reckon.

WORBURTON. Abduction! Bosh!

HENDERSON. How much for the kiss?

O'BRIEN. (*Pointing off* L. 3) Miss Annesley is out there, you might ask her.

HENDERSON. Miss Annesley. By George! Let me go out this way. She mustn't see me! (*Exits* R. 3)

WORBURTON. (*Calling*) Charley! Charley—don't forget the clothes.

CASSIDY. Quiet! Quiet! His honor is coming! Don't you know any better than to bawl in a court-room?

WORBURTON. (*Coming down* R. *of desk* L. C.) How do I know how to act. I never was here before, you know.

O'BRIEN. I've got a hunch that you'll be here again——

WATTS. (*Off*) Can't stop now—not now.

CASSIDY. (*Up* R.) Sh! hats off! Here's the Judge.

WATTS. (*Entering* R. 2 *with clerk. Clerk to desk* R.) Now then, where is the fellow who is to have a private hearing? Why isn't he ready?

O'BRIEN. (*Up* L.) Here he is—your Honor.

WATTS. Well, well, what is the charge?

CLERK. Abduction, disorderly conduct, reckless driving.

WATTS. (*Taking papers and glaring at* WORBURTON) I don't wonder his friends want to keep it quiet. Who is the complainant?

CLERK. Elizabeth Annesley.

WATTS. Annesley! Well, well, where is she? Why doesn't she appear—I've no more time to waste. Call her, O'Brien. I've only ten minutes to spare.

O'BRIEN. (*Opening door* L.) Elizabeth Annesley! Elizabeth—Oh, here she is, your honor. (BETTY *and* MRS. CONWAY *enter* L. 3) This way, Miss.

BETTY. (*As she enters*) Am I late? (*Seeing* WORBURTON) Oh! there he is. (*Aside.* O'BRIEN *escorts* BETTY *to chair* L. *of desk.* MRS. CONWAY *sits beside her*)

WATTS. What are you doing here, O'Brien?

O'BRIEN. I'm the witness, your Honor. I run the prisoner in.

WATTS. (*To Clerk*) Swear him in. (*Bus. of swearing*) Tell your story.

O'BRIEN. Well, this is the way it was, your Honor. Me and Burns was just turning in from our beat in Vermont Avenue, when we heard a smashin' gallop and a brougham came whizzing around the corner drawn by a pair of spankin' grays and the prisoner sittin' up there on the box lashin' 'em like mad. Of course we thought it was a runaway and gave chase.

WATTS. Now then, cut it short. Be brief.

O'BRIEN. Yes, your Honor. So we chased 'em a couple of miles expecting a smash-up every second, when bang! up comes the carriage to the curb, down jumps the prisoner, and as the complainant falls out he grabs her——

BETTY. (*Impulsively*) Oh!

O'BRIEN. (*Observing*) And—and she gives him in charge and that's all.

WATTS. Step aside. (*To Clerk*) Swear in the complainant.

CLERK. (*Crossing to* L. *Giving* BETTY *the book*) You solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, in the case of the people against James Osborne?

BETTY. I do. (*Closing eyes. Clerk returns* R. *to his desk*)

WATTS. Where do you live, Miss Annesley?

BETTY. Chevy Chase.

WATTS. Chevy Chase? Are you related to Colonel Annesley?

BETTY. I'm his daughter.

WATTS. He used to be my colonel—H'm—very sorry to see you in the Police Court, Miss Annesley. This is a very serious charge you are making—abduction.

BETTY. (*Impulsively*) Oh, no! not abduction!

WATTS. That is the charge—"abduction, disorderly conduct and reckless driving."

BETTY. But I was not abducted—that is so silly. If it is possible I would like to withdraw the charge of abduction.

WATTS. You withdraw abduction.

BETTY. Yes, please.

WATTS. (*To clerk*) Make it disorderly conduct, reckless driving. (*Severely to* WORBURTON, *who has been furtively admiring* BETTY, *realizes he has been addressed and starts to bow, recollects and makes groom's salute*) You are a lucky young scoundrel. Now then, Miss Annesley, tell your story, as briefly as possible please.

BETTY. That man over there—the coachman, stole my brougham last night, outside of the British Embassy—at least, when I came out at two o'clock this morning, he was in my coachman's place on the box. I did not notice the change, got in with my friend, and supposed everything was all right, until I saw the man whipping the horses to make them run away.

WATTS. He was drunk, officer?

O'BRIEN. Sure, your Honor, he was drunk.

(WORBURTON *gives him a quick look.*)

BETTY. (*With fine impulse*) Oh, no, he was not. He has been smoking nice cigars, but he has not been drinking.

WATTS. How do you know he has been smoking nice cigars?

BETTY. (*Confused*) I—He—why, I just know—but it doesn't matter; after the horses had run two or three miles, the Policeman stopped them. I made the charge and he was arrested, and that is all there is about it.

WATTS. You merely charge him with disorderly conduct and reckless driving?

BETTY. Yes—the officer thought he wanted my jewels, but he only took—(*Breaks off confused*)

WATTS. Hey? What did he take?

BETTY. Nothing of any consequence——

(*Grin from* WORBURTON, *quickly covered.*)

WATTS. It is of consequence—it is larceny. How about it, Officer—(*To* CASSIDY) Wasn't this fellow searched last night?

CASSIDY. Sure, your Honor, we found nothing in his clothes.

WATTS. Miss Annesley says he took——

BETTY. (*Desperately*) Won't you please let disorderly conduct cover the whole ground, Judge?

WATTS. You must let me take care of you, my dear young lady. Leniency is a great mistake in the case of a slippery young villain,—(WORBURTON *winces*) like this Osborne. Where was your own groom while all this was going on?

BETTY. He said that he went into a saloon to get a match.

WATTS. A match, hey? I presume he indulged in a few "nice cigars" also. That will do.

(MRS. CONWAY *consoles* BETTY *in pantomime as* CASSIDY *pantomimes* WORBURTON *to step forward* R. *of desk.* CASS.DY *up* C.)

WATTS. (*Looking at papers*) What is your name?

WORBURTON. James Osborne.

WATTS. Say sir, when you address me.

WORBURTON. James Osborne, *Sir.*

WATTS. Who is your counsel—you are entitled to a counsel, you know

WORBURTON. I'll not require a counsel, sir.

WATTS. Hey? You plead guilty?

WORBURTON. (*Emphatically*) No, sir! Not guilty. The whole affair was a mistake—er—a most ridiculous mistake in reading the carriage check. You see—er—Sir—my number was 17, and I read it 71, and naturally, got the wrong carriage.

WATTS. What were you doing off your own box?

WORBURTON. (*With humorous air*) Getting on to the wrong box.

WATTS. I see—you went in to get a drink.

WORBURTON. No, sir, I did not.

WATTS. (*To O'Brien*) You say he was drunk, Officer?

O'BRIEN. Yes, your Honor.

WORBURTON. I deny it. I had nothing but a glass of wine with my dinner—er—that is—why the officer knows I was as cool and composed as he was——

O'BRIEN. It was a—a very cool and composed stunt he was after doing, yer Honor—but he had it with him all right.

WATTS. That will do. (*To* WORBURTON) How long have you been a coachman?

WORBURTON. About—Oh! twenty-four hours.

WATTS. Who are your employers?

WORBURTON. I am out of a job at present, sir.

WATTS. Do you usually wear livery when you are out of a job?

WORBURTON. (*Coolly*) Has that anything to do with the charge against me? I am not accused of stealing livery, am I?

WATTS. That may happen yet. The story you tell is absurd——

WORBURTON. (*Half laughing*) The whole thing is absurd——

(BETTY *indignant.*)

WATTS. No impudence! (BOB *becomes serious*) You've not explained anything to my satisfaction yet. The complainant says you whipped the horses to make then run away.

WORBURTON. She was mistaken, sir. They bolted, and I whipped them to stop them.

WATTS. Did you think you were on your own carriage then?

WORBURTON. Certainly, sir.

WATTS. And you were sober?

WORBURTON. Absolutely, sir.

WATTS. Case is closed. Twenty-five dollars for disorderly conduct; ten for reckless driving.

WORBURTON. I haven't any money with me, sir.

WATTS. (*Interrupting testily*) Thirty-five dollars or thirty days—let me tell you that you are escaping very easily, thanks to Miss Annesley's leniency in withdrawing part of the charge.

WORBURTON. I thank Miss Leniency—I mean Miss Annesley.

WATTS. The young lady is very evidently determined to be charitable, but I don't intend to let you take advantage of her good nature. I therefore insist that you return the article you took from her last night.

(BETTY *in confusion.*)

WORBURTON. (*Blankly*) Return it!

WATTS. What did you do with it? Throw it away?

WORBURTON. Throw it away? Oh, no, sir.

WATTS. (*Irritably*) You must have it about you somewhere. You are a scandalous young scamp in my opinion, and I don't mind straining my prerogative to teach you a lesson. Return the —er—thing to the officer.

(WORBURTON *amused, but helpless.*)

BETTY. (*In agonized whisper*) Oh! (*Scribbles line on her card, gives it to* O'BRIEN *who gives it to* WATTS C.)

WORBURTON. (*Suppressing smile*) I—I haven't got it with me, sir.

WATTS. Hey! Haven't got it! What did you do with it?

WORBURTON. Well—er—the fact is, sir, that is one of those things that no fellow can find out.

WATTS. Hey, what? (*As* O'BRIEN *hands him the card.* O'BRIEN *retires up* L.) What's this? (*Puts on his glasses*) Be careful, sir, or I'll fine you for contempt until you can find out—(*Glancing at card, reads:*) "He took a "—(*Looks amazed—but amused—*BETTY *doesn't look up—*WATTS *drops card in his pocket—says to* CASSIDY) Lock him up, Officer, until the fine is paid.

(CASSIDY *motions to* WORBURTON—*opens door and follows him off* R. U. E. WATTS *rises, goes to* BETTY. O'BRIEN *exits* L. 3. CLERK *gathers up his papers—*BETTY *and* MRS. CONWAY *rise.*)

WATTS. (*Coming down* R. *of desk*) Allow me to compliment you, Miss Annesley, on your moral courage in pressing the charge against that young ruffian. When it comes to the point, most women say, "Oh, let the poor thing go."

BETTY. (*Coming* C.) I am a soldier's daughter, you know, Judge Watts, and have been taught to respect discipline.

WATTS. Just what I should have expected from Colonel Annesley—My regards to him. Good-morning. (*Exits hastily* R. *2nd*)

MRS. CONWAY. (*Down* L. C.) What a perfectly insufferable old man. I thought he was going to have the whole story out before those nasty policeman. What *did* you write on the card.

BETTY. (*Pointing to* CLERK) Ssh! I just

scrawled "He took a kiss," and the dear old man, saw it all. So clever of him.

MRS. CONWAY. Well, come away. I am ready to faint. Just think. This is where they hang people. (*Crossing* R. *of desk and peering through window.* CLERK *rises, collecting his papers*)

BETTY. No, it isn't. Please wait, dear. (*Taking out pocket-book nervously*) One moment, sir —Are you the—the person—the official that takes the fines. (*Goes to him* R. C.)

CLERK. Yes, madam, I am clerk of the Court.

BETTY. Then will you please take this for James Osborne? (*Handling him roll of bills*) I wish to pay his fine.

CLERK. (*Amazed*) You wish to pay his fine?

BETTY. I thought anyone could pay it.

CLERK. They can. Oh, certainly, it's—it's perfectly correct. Thank you. I am sure he'll not object. (*Records payment*)

BETTY. Now, he is free, isn't he?

CLERK. Of course.

BETTY. Would you oblige me with paper and an envelope? I want to write a note—and a pencil, please.

CLERK. (*Arranging writing materials*) I'll take this out to the Warden and have Osborne released. Sit right down here, madam.

BETTY. (*Giving him a dazzling smile as she sits*) So good of you. So sorry to be troublesome.

CLERK. (*Gallantly*) Madam, your presence in this round-up for crooks and sharpers, is like a glass of champagne floating on a sea of mixed ale. (*Bows, and exits* R. 2ND)

BETTY. (*To* MRS. CONWAY) Isn't that lovely?

MRS. CONWAY. Lovely? I think everything and everybody is simply awful. Do come away Betty.

BETTY. Wait till I scribble this note.

MRS. CONWAY. (*To* R. C.) The idea of paying

the fine of the brazen creature. I know they all think you are crazy—drunken wretch!

BETTY. He was not drunk. I told you that last night?

MRS. CONWAY. How do you explain the kiss then? (*Over to desk* R. C.)

BETTY. (*Plaintively*) Must a man be drunk before he wants to kiss me?

MRS. CONWAY. Well, Betty Annesley, you certainly are an enigma. So cold and prudish, that men call you an iceberg, and yet, paying the fine of a man who insulted you before two policemen.—Joking about the insult of a groom! (*Crossing to* L. C.)

BETTY. (*Crossing to* JUDGE'S *desk* L. C.) He is not a groom, Mrs. Conway. Didn't you notice his hands this morning? He has the muscular hands of an athlete, and a gentlemen.

MRS. CONWAY. And the morals of a pirate. If I had anything to say about it he should have his thirty days——

BETTY. (*Rising, putting note in envelope*) There are worse punishments than thirty days—(*Giving* MRS. CONWAY *a mischievous glance*) I'm something of a humorist you know, and after lying awake all night, I found a more subtle revenge than locking up Mr. James Osborne. (*Laughs*)

MRS. CONWAY. Are you going to get Colonel Annesley to horsewhip him?

BETTY. Dear no! I don't need papa's help—(*Bends over directing note*) I wonder where on earth I have met James Osborne before? There is something very familiar about him.

MRS. CONWAY. His manners perhaps. Honestly Betty, I don't see how you can forgive that kiss, he ought to be made to pay for it.

BETTY. (*Joining her*) That is my exact intention. I pay the fine, and he pays for the kiss.

(O'BRIEN *re-enters* L. 3RD—CLERK R. 2ND. CLERK *enters and goes to desk* R.) Oh, officer!

O'BRIEN. Miss?

MRS. CONWAY. (*Moving to door*) Do hurry, Betty.

BETTY. (*To* O'BRIEN. *Gives him note and money*) Will you be kind enough to give this to James Osborne?

O'BRIEN. To James Osborne, Miss?

BETTY. The prisoner.

O'BRIEN. Yes, Miss.

BETTY. Is this the way out?

O'BRIEN. Yes, Miss, come with me, Miss. (*Exit* L. 3 *with* MRS. CONWAY *and* BETTY *who exchange bows with* CLERK, *and turning, thank* O'BRIEN *especially*)

CLERK. Gee! But she's a Star! (R. C. *turns to look with air of disfavor at* WORBURTON, *who re-enters wearing summer suit*—HENDERSON *and* CASSIDY *follow.* HENDERSON *crosses above desk* L. C. *to down* L. C.)

WORBURTON. (*Angrily*) I'll settle that fine now, if you please. (*Draws out bunch of bills*)

CLERK. (*Dryly*) Fine has been paid.

WORBURTON. (*Amazed*) Who paid it?

CLERK. Miss Annesley.

WORBURTON. (*Astounded*) Miss Annesley! I can't permit it.

HENDERSON. (*Below desk* L. C. *Mockingly*) Beautiful, beautiful feminine sympathy, always ready to gush forth on the wicked.

CLERK. Don't you worry about the sympathy. She's got it in for him all right. (*To* WORBURTON) And if ever you run up against her again, mind your eye that's all. (*Exit with* CASSIDY R. 2)

WORBURTON. (*To* HENDERSON) What the dickens do you suppose it means? If she felt that way about it, why not withdraw the charge? and save her thirty-five dollars?

HENDERSON. If you ask me, I think the clerk is right. From what Nancy tells me I fancy that she is rather an original young lady, and that possibly she has a gattling gun up her sleeve for you.

O'BRIEN. (*Ironically—re-entering* L. 3 *to* WORBURTON) Note for Mr. James Osborne. (*As* WORBURTON *tears it open*) Sure, it's a great thing to be a good looker. I'm thinking that if ye'd have a jimber jaw and a pugnose ye'd have paid your own fine. (*Exit* R. 2. WORBURTON *is looking at letter*)

HENDERSON. (*Starting up*) Ready, Bob?

WORBURTON. No—here—listen to this! (HENDERSON *comes down. Reads*)

"James Osborne."

Sir: I have discharged my groom for neglecting his duty and recalling the masterly way in which you handled his horses last night, think you are qualified to take his place so I will give you this chance to redeem yourself, if you will promise to let whiskey alone.

HENDERSON. She wants you to drive the water wagon, old man.

WORBURTON. (*Reading*) "Bring your reference out to Chevy Chase at three o'clock this afternoon. If satisfactory your wages will be forty dollars a month." Yours truly, Betty Annesley."

(WORBURTON *folds letter, sticks it in his pocket, looks at* HENERSON *with humorous expression.*)

HENDERSON. You'll accept the chance to redeem yourself of course.

WORBURTON. (*Promptly*) Wouldn't miss it for a farm—it's a rare opportunity to study her at close range. Oh, I knew she was a remarkable girl. Her groom! By Jove! a ride every day with her. (*At desk* C. *quickly with papers and pen*) Come here

Charlie! write my reference! (*Seating him at desk* R. C.)

HENDERSON. You don't seriously intend going on with this fool masquerade?

WORBURTON. (*With rising enthusiasm to the end of act*) It's an adventure after my own heart—she's no maudlin fool reforming stray ruffians who insult her. She's bluffing, Charlie, and I'll call her.

HENDERSON. And queer yourself forever. You couldn't be two days in the house without being found out.

WORBURTON. Who is to tell her. I bet you wouldn't have known me without a beard.

HENDERSON. You can't fool Nancy.

WORBURTON. I can dodge her.

HENDERSON. But——

WORBURTON. It's no use, Charlie; I'm going to see this thing through at any cost. Her groom! Please do imagine me tipping my cap——

HENDERSON. Yes! And eating with the cook, and scrubbing out the stables——

WORBURTON. My dear fellow, after five years of active service on the plains, I'm not the man to stick at trifles! (*Glancing at watch*—L. *of* HENDERSON *at desk*) Jove! I've just time to arrange matters, and catch the train for Chevy Chase—(*Shaking hands*) Thanks again for this morning, old man; I'll wire. (*Starts to door* L. 3)

HENDERSON. (*Turning in chair*) But your brother—Nancy!

WORBURTON. (*Turning*) Tell them that I rushed off to hunt big game—but—(*Winks*) for Heaven's sake don't tell them the species.

HENDERSON. (*With comical shrug*) In love! (*Exits*)

WORBURTON. *That's it—in love!* (*Exit* L. 3)

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE:—*The "Snuggery" of* COLONEL ANNESLEY'S *home at Chevy Chase.*
The "Snuggery" in C. 1. *Two long French windows rear flat, show vista of garden. Door from hall* R. 2 E., *door from music room* L. 4 E. *Bookcase around wall. Fireplace just above* L. 2 E. *Library table* C. *with litter of papers, books, cigar-box, etc., on it. Small table up* L. *with sheets of waxed drawing cloth covered by large thin red books. Waste-paper basket* R. *of library table, chairs and bric-a-brac appropriate and handsome.*
Foots—full white—bunches—white R. *and* L. *Amber through window* R. *and across window* L. C. *Red glow fireplace* (M) *at rise.*

TIME:—*One month later—Morning.*

DISCOVERED:—CORA, *a coquettish little maid arranging flowers.* PIERRE, *a fat middle-aged chef, wearing clean white cap and apron and a large rose in his button-hole, sticks his head in door* L. 2.

PIERRE. (*Hissing*) St. St.

CORA. Go 'way.

PIERRE. Zere is one here?

CORA. No one.

PIERRE. (*Enters tragically* L. 2) Zen I may come in. Vere ees Mees Annesley?

CORA. (R.) Out riding.

PIERRE. Vith zat villain groom Zhames Osborne, eh? Cora?

CORA. Certainly—gracious! Pierre, your face

is the color of a broiled live lobster. Go back to your kitchen. You have no business here.

PIERRE. I haf come to make ze formal complaint. I am full of ze bottle angaire! I haf been outrage, insult by zat cattle Zhames. He haf refuse, positively r–refuse to wait at ze dinnaire next week.

CORA. (*Coming to* R. C. *table to arrange things*) Good! Miss Annesley has no business to ask him. He's a groom, not a butler.

PIERRE. I haf said to her, I haf said, mademoiselle, he vill vaft ze bouquet de horse around ze table, he vill spill ze soup over ze back of ze guest. He vill drop ze plate! But she say, oh! you are so clevaire, Pierre, you can teach him!

CORA. (*At table*) And he refused.

PIERRE. Vith insult! He haf call me a fat cook.

CORA. (*Laughing*) He's so full of fun.

PIERRE. Fun! It is to laugh—I think not—no! Ven I haf say zat eet vas Mees Annesley's order, zat he take Perkin's place, he say, not me, you fat cook! Zat to me! He call me fat!

CORA. (*With mock sigh*) He's got a perfectly grand figure himself.

PIERRE. You think so.

CORA. (*Down* R., *picks up paper from floor*) There ain't a swell in Washington to match him. He's just grand.

PIERRE. (*Folding his arms*) Ver' good! Eet is now up on ze top of Mees Annesley, eef she keep Zhames, I go!

CORA. (*Throwing paper in basket. Significantly*) It won't be him, you bet.

PIERRE. Oh, la, la! (*Goes* L. *angrily, stops at door*) She can get a dozen pretty face boys for her horse, but a chef like me again nevaire!

CORA. (*Following him, straightening rug* L. *before fire*) Take care, Pierre—There's a mystery about James—Miss Betty torments him, but she

does not treat him like a groom and *I* don't believe he is one.

PIERRE. (*Back to* C. *over* CORA) He ees perhaps some great duke incognito, I think so. Yes. (*With angry laugh*) Ha, ha, vat a fool you women are!

CORA. (*Up facing him*) We like heroes all right, and James did what no one else could do, when he broke that awful horse, Pirate.

PIERRE. Oh, la, la! I could haf ride Pirate myself. (*Goes up to window* R. U. *looks out*)

(COLONEL ANNESLEY *enters* L. U. E. *and crosses to table* R. U.)

CORA. (*Crossing* L. *to fireplace*) Bah, you jealous old fool; why, I've seen Pirate buck the Colonel off and to-day Miss Betty is riding him!

ANNESLEY. (*Coming down steps startled*) You say my daughter is riding Pirate!

CORA. Oh! Colonel!

PIERRE. (*In window up* R.) Yes, Mees Betty ride him—(*Looking out*) and here she come on Zhames' horse, her hair torn down, her dress rip—

ANNESLEY. (*Going to window* R. U.) He has thrown her! Reckless, foolish child!

CORA. (*Going up between chair and steps* L. U.) She's killed! She's killed! (*Dropping dust cloth in excitement*)

(BETTY *laughs outside* R.)

PIERRE. She seem not to be hurt—(*Gives way to* L. *up*)

ANNESLEY. There's been an accident, I'm sure.

(BETTY *enters quickly through window; her hair hangs over her shoulders; she is holding her skirt together, and laughing—stops abruptly seeing her father.*)

BETTY. Now, Dad! I meant to run upstairs before you saw me.

ANNESLEY. You rode Pirate!

BETTY. Only part way—Don't look so frightened, Dad. I'm all right.

ANNESLEY. (*Drops down* R. *with* BETTY) I'll have the brute shot!

BETTY. (*Seizing his arm, draws him down* R. C.) No, you won't—he's a darling.

ANNESLEY. (*Expostulating*) He's not fit for a woman to mount; James ought to be horse-whipped!

BETTY. Poor James did his best to prevent me; it was all my fault. I wanted to show off and let James see that I could ride anything that he could.

ANNESLEY. (*With feeling; dropping in chair* R. *of table* C.) You might have been killed!

BETTY. (*Swings around* L. *of table holding* COLONEL ANNESLEY'S *hands. Enthusiastically*) Not with James along. Oh, Dad, it was splendid. (*As she describes accident* PIERRE *and* CORA *move up* L.) Pirate went along like a lamb at first, and everything was lovely till I gave him a sly dig with my heel to wake him up! (*With laugh*) And he waked up I can tell you. All I remember was trees, houses, carriages, dogs flashing by, while I hooked my knee around the pommel and held on, trying to keep my senses!

ANNESLEY. Betty!

BETTY. I knew I was all right if I could hold on, for I heard James thundering along behind me getting nearer and nearer. Then my breath gave out, my hands let go and I was just slipping off when James rushed alongside, grabbed Pirate's bridle, pulled me right over on Dick, and I fainted. When I came to, I was lying on the ground, with poor James on his knees beside me.

ANNESLEY. (*Rising*) Clever fellow! (*Starts*

BETTY. (*Restraining him*) No, no, let him *up* R.) I must see him! Thank him!

alone. He's such a queer fellow. He wouldn't allow me to say a word, but just bundled me on to Dick, and walked me home respectfully scolding every single step. (*Turns* L. *catching sight of herself in mirror on mantel* L.) Heavens! What a figure! (*Tucking up her hair, as* CORA *kneels* C. *to arrange her skirt* R. *of* BETTY. PIERRE *drops down* L. *between armchair and steps*) Well—Pierre, what are you doing here?

PIERRE. In view of ze tragedy, Mademoiselle, I vait.

BETTY. Nonsense! What is it?

PIERRE. It is only zat Zhames have flat—r–refuse to serve at ze dinnaire.

ANNESLEY. (*At table* R. C.) Quite right. Why the deuce should he!

BETTY. Perkins is ill.

ANNESLEY. (*Comes down* R. C.) He was all right this morning.

BETTY. (*Mischievously*) He had a sudden attack—Now, don't you meddle, Dad. (*To* PIERRE) I will speak to James. It is a little unusual to ask a groom to take the butler's place, but I am sure he will oblige me if I put the matter properly.

PIERRE. Propairelee, to ze groom. (*Bowing*) But it is for Mademoiselle to say. (*Exits* L. 2 E.)

BETTY. Never mind the skirt, Cora. (CORA *picks up dust cloth* L. C. *and exits* R. 2 *around at back. Hugging the* COLONEL *impulsively*) Wasn't it the loveliest adventure, Dad?

ANNESLEY. I can't endure to think of it! You must *not* take such risks, dear. How could I live without you. The only joy I've known since your mother died, was to see you happy—you *have* had a happy life, eh, Betty?

BETTY. Indeed I have. (*Kisses him impulsively*) But I'm afraid you've made me selfish—Mrs. Conway says I'm an extravagant wretch, am I, Dad?

ANNESLEY. Nothing is too good for you.

BETTY. (*Giving him a playful shake*) I didn't ask that. Am I spending too much money, if I am you must tell me, and I'll economize.

ANNESLEY. (*With laugh*) Do you know how?

BETTY. Yes, indeed! You don't buy violets, and have all your skirts lined with percaline. (ANNESLEY *laughs slightly and moves* R.) Oh, you needn't laugh. Mary Sanders gave up everything to marry her poor Lieutenant, and she said that was the way she did.

ANNESLEY. (*At* R. C.) Yes, she turned into a dowdy.

BETTY. She loved her husband, and I love you. (ANNESLEY *sighs*) Oh, Daddy darling, what is it that's wrong; you've not been like yourself, since we were at Monte Carlo. You make mysterious little journeys alone and come back looking tired, fagged and miserable. You seem worried all the time, and won't joke, as you used to.

ANNESLEY. Nonsense.

BETTY. I'll not be put off, Dad. Something is wrong. If it is not money, what is it? Tell me.

ANNESLEY. There is nothing to tell, dearie, I—well—I've had important business in various places which necessitated my presence, but it is all settled, and there will be no more trips.

BETTY. And no more worry and plenty of money?

ANNESLEY. Lots of it.

BETTY. Lovely. I'm not mercenary, you know, but when I am an angel I shall want even the darkest cloud to have a silk lining, and——

ANNESLEY. (*With burst of impatience*) Run away and dress, dear; I have work to do, and Count Karloff is coming out. (*Crosses to cabinet* R., *unlocks it. Takes papers out*)

BETTY. (*Dismayed, with a look to her dress and moving up* L. *as if to go*) Karloff! Oh, dear. Well—I need not see him. Make this little accident an excuse—I don't wish to see him.

ANNESLEY. (*With displeased surprise. Closing cabinet and locking it and bringing papers to table and standing* C. *of it*) Isn't this rather a sudden change?

BETTY. I have to do something to cool him off, Dad. I've allowed him to show me attentions and he has taken me too seriously.

ANNESLEY. (*At table*) I am sorry to hear it. Karloff is a fine fellow. Aside from his money and position in diplomatic circles, he is a man any woman might be proud to win. I can only say that you have treated him very badly.

BETTY. Why, Dad!

ANNESLEY. *Very* badly. (*Sitting* R. *of table*) You allowed him to follow you all over Europe, and since our return he has reason to believe himself your preferred cavalier——

BETTY. Oh, no, Dad! (*Treating the matter lightly*) I have been slowing him down for a whole month—and——

ANNESLEY. Is there someone else?

BETTY. Two or three hundred—but——

ANNESLEY. I advise you to think the matter over carefully. Your tone is capricious and almost unwomanly.

BETTY. Oh! (*Goes* L. *hurt at his stern tone, is about to exit*)

ANNESLEY. Betty! (*She runs back to him above table, pleased*) I was cross. I didn't mean it, etc. Forgive me.

CORA. (*Entering* R. 2) Mrs. Conway. (*Exits*)

(MRS. CONWAY *enters.*)

BETTY. (*Greeting her* R. C.) This is a surprise, dear.

(COL. ANNESLEY *rises, goes above table* L. C.)

MRS. CONWAY. I have just left the Whitakers' tea—(*Shaking hands with* ANNESLEY, L. C.) and I thought I *must* drop in for a moment—and now don't let me detain you with my foolish chatter, Colonel——

BETTY. Dad loves gossip—(*Ringing bell*) we will have tea.

MRS. CONWAY. Not for me! (*Perceiving* BETTY'S *condition as* BETTY *drops down* R. C.) Good gracious! Have you had an accident, Betty?

BETTY. Nothing to speak of. (*As* CORA *enters*) Tea, Cora.

(CORA *goes around and exits* L. 2.)

ANNESLEY. She insisted on riding Pirate; the most vicious brute in the stables, and but for the groom would have been killed.

MRS. CONWAY. Good Heavens!

ANNESLEY. If you will excuse me, I will go and express my gratitude to him. (*Goes up around to* R.)

(MRS. CONWAY *crosses* L.)

BETTY. You had better let him alone, Dad. (*Going up* R. *to him*)

MRS. CONWAY. Oh! No! The Colonel should go at once and overwhelm him with thanks, whether he likes it or not.

ANNESLEY. I certainly think I should give prompt recognition to such courage. (*Exit* R. C.)

BETTY. (*Up* R. *at window*) Now Dad——

MRS. CONWAY. (*Detaining her*) Let him go, dear, I was dying to get rid of him. Oh, Betty, of all impossible, unimaginable people, who do you think I met at the Whitakers'?

BETTY. (*Still looking off*) Can't imagine.

MRS. CONWAY. Judge Watts—(BETTY *turns*) the

awful little person at the Police Court, who said he knew your father.

BETTY. Did he remember you?

MRS. CONWAY. We were not introduced, but he will be here in ten minutes.

BETTY. Oh, no! (*Startled, comes down to* MRS. CONWAY) He must not come.

MRS. CONWAY. But he *is* coming. Imagine my horror when I heard him tell Mrs. Whitaker he was going to renew his acquaintance with the Colonel. What *are* we to do?

BETTY. He must not see Dad.

MRS. CONWAY. If they meet, we are lost; for he is just the tactless, graceless creature to blurt the whole story out about James and the kiss, and the Colonel would never forgive me. (*Crosses* R. C.) Oh, we should have told him the truth a month ago. (*Sits*)

BETTY. (*By* MRS. CONWAY C.) And spoiled my beautiful joke on James! Ah, no, it is better to let Dad go on believing that I had Saunders locked up—and discharged him the day after the ball.

MRS. CONWAY. Well, you may count upon this Watts person, to expose the deception to your father the moment they meet.

BETTY. I can easily prevent that. (*As* CORA *enters* L. 2, *places small tea tray on table*) You go right out in the garden and oblige Dad to show you the new hot houses, and I will meet the Judge alone, tell him that Dad is away on business and freeze him out in ten minutes.

(CORA *exits* R. 2.)

MRS. CONWAY. A capital idea—(*Going up* R. *urged by* BETTY) and after that I implore you to discharge this Osborne.

BETTY. Not until I discover his identity—no, no. (*Goes down* L. C., MRS. CONWAY *following*)

Every day brings fresh complications. Cora is frantically in love with him. Pierre absurdly jealous, and I think of new ways to torment him every minute. And, oh, Edith, if he is the man I suspect, he is not only a gentleman, but a hero—if he is not—well, I've had rare sport.

MRS. CONWAY. And made a complete idiot of yourself incidentally. But I must find the Colonel. (*Goes up* R. 3)

BETTY. Don't return until I send for you. Oh—(*Breaks off as* COLONEL ANNESLEY *enters* R. 3 *meeting* MRS. CONWAY)

CORA. (*Entering, presents card to* ANNESLEY) Judge Watts.

BETTY *and* MRS. CONWAY. Oh! (*Exchange dismayed glances,* MRS. CONWAY *goes* L. C. *to* BETTY)

ANNESLEY. (*Reading card*) The Hon. Henry J. Watts—why, it is my old friend—the little judge who helped you out of your scrape with Saunders, Betty. (*Perceiving dismay of ladies*) Well, what is wrong?

MRS. CONWAY. I was astounded to find you know the Judge of a Police Court.

ANNESLEY. Show him in here, Cora. (CORA *exits*) I know several good fellows who have been prisoners in a Police Court, so why not a Judge?

CORA. (*Re-entering, announces*) Judge Watts, sir.

ANNESLEY. (*As* WATTS *enters, greeting him cordially*) Delighted to see you again, Judge. Quite a change since thirty years ago.

WATTS. Time has dealt kindly with you, Colonel; very kindly.

ANNESLEY. (*Presenting him to* BETTY, *who meanwhile has moved up* C.) You have met my daughter——

WATTS. (*Shaking hands with* MRS. CONWAY, *down* L.) Ah! Yes, yes—I had the pleasure of getting her under my jurisdiction last month.

ANNESLEY. Judge—this is my daughter. (*Amused, presenting* BETTY, *now at his* L. *again*)

WATTS. Eh? Oh! How very stupid of me. (*Putting on his eyeglasses*) I am as blind as a bat without my glasses. Ah, yes, I see—you created sad havoc among my men, Miss Annesley.

BETTY. Really? Permit me to introduce Mrs. Conway—Judge Watts.

WATTS. Ah, delighted, I'm sure. (*Again to* BETTY) Yes, I assure you—they cut your picture from the society column of some newspaper and say their prayers to it.

BETTY. I hoped they had forgotten all about me. (*Above table*) Pray, be seated. (*Bus. with tea. Hands cup and biscuits to* MRS. CONWAY)

WATTS. (*Sitting* L. C. *in armchair.* MRS. CONWAY L. *of him on settee*) Your case was what we call a record breaker, my dear young lady—(*To* ANNESLEY) I wish you could have seen it, Colonel —had a highly humorous side.

ANNESLEY. I suspected it. I have always felt that Betty and Mrs. Conway suppressed a rather exciting affair.

BETTY. (*Giving* WATTS *a cup of tea*) Not at all—far from it.

ANNESLEY. Well, I noticed that I heard nothing until Saunders was discharged and out of the way——

BETTY. Well, dear, the stables are in my care—and I don't require any help to manage the men.

WATTS. You may rest easy on that score, Colonel. She faced the music like a veteran, made her charge gallantly; looking the young ruffian in the eye, and then—he—ha—after it was all over, weakened and paid——

BETTY. (*Sticking sugar bowl under his nose suddenly*) Do you take sugar, Judge?

WATTS. Eh? Yes, thank you—and as I said, paid——

MRS. CONWAY. (*Presenting biscuit on other side*) Try these, Judge, I made them myself——

WATTS. As I was saying—Thank you p–paid.

BETTY. (*Dropping lump after lump of sugar in his cup*) You like plenty of sugar, of course.

WATTS. (*Gasping*) Why——

BETTY. All intellectual men like sugar.

MRS. CONWAY. And football. You play, of course, Judge?

WATTS. I? I play football? My dear, madam, I class it as manslaughter in the second degree.

BETTY. Oh! All lawyers ought to like the pigskin—(*Rattling on*) they are called gentlemen of the pigskin, aren't they?

MRS. CONWAY. No, *wig* skin——

WATTS. Possibly you mean—sheepskin.

BETTY. I really don't see much difference.

ANNESLEY. (*Rising* R. C. *Reproving* BETTY) Judge Watts does not understand your nonsense. (*To* WATTS) Suppose we stroll about the grounds, and look the stables over, my dear Watts.

WATTS. By all means, and by the bye—I want your advice about my pet mare——

ANNESLEY. We will consult my groom—who knows everything about horses.

WATTS. (*Joining* ANNESLEY *up* R. C.) I really envy you, Colonel. Ah. What a charming, old-fashioned garden. (*They exit* R. 3)

MRS. CONWAY. (*Aghast*) He will meet—James?

BETTY. Oh, no, he won't—(*Rings bell*) I've thought of a plan. (*As* CORA *enters* R. 2) Run to the stables, Cora; tell James to come up to the house, and remain here until Judge Watts goes to Washington. Understand?

CORA. Yes, Miss. (*Exits* R. 2)

BETTY. (*Calling after her*) Don't do anything stupid. (*To* MRS. CONWAY) Now, my dear, we must join those dear old gentlemen, and prevent further confidence. Come——

MRS. CONWAY. I couldn't, dear. The Colonel must think we are out of our senses.

BETTY. I shall be, if Dad hears the truth about James. Come.

MRS. CONWAY. Your father gave us a vigorous hint to stay here.

BETTY. Nothing short of chloroform would make me take a hint to-day; so come. Oh! I have it, Edith. You can engage Judge Watts in a terrific flirtation, and carry him back to town in your motor car.

MRS. CONWAY. (*Horrified*) Flirt with a Police Court Judge!

BETTY. Never mind that. We must do something quick, or Dad will keep him to dinner. (ANNESLEY *heard outside*) Oh! They are coming back. Well, we will detain them here.

(ANNESLEY *re-enters with* WATTS. *Seems much irritated.*)

ANNESLEY. I'll ring for Cora. Be seated, my dear, Watts. I will send for the fellow.

WATTS. (*Down* R. C.) My question is of no consequence, and your man is doubtless busy.

ANNESLEY. (*As* CORA *enters*) Go out into the garden, Cora, and tell the groom to come here at once—*at once.*

BETTY. He has just gone to town on an errand for me, Dad.

ANNESLEY. He has not started yet. (*To* CORA) Do as I bade you. (*As* CORA *exits*) As the Judge and I went out to the stables, he was coming up through the orchard. I called to him and he dodged behind a tree.

BETTY. He probably did not hear you, dear.

ANNESLEY. Oh, but he did. He turned his head, looked at us, then as I called again, deliberately stole back to the stables, through the trees, ignoring me, by gad.

MRS. CONWAY. Pardon me for interrupting you, Colonel; but I am simply dying to ask Judge Watts a question—(*Coquettishly*)—if he will waste a moment on me.

WATTS. (*Going to her* L.) I should not consider any amount of time wasted in your society, my dear, madame. (*Sitting by her, again in armchair*) So let us have the question.

MRS. CONWAY. Tell me, then, what was the most interesting case that ever came up in your court?

ANNESLEY. Yes, give us some of the comedies of your experience.

WATTS. Well, frankly, the most amusing case I ever remember, was that of Miss Elizabeth Annesley, and——

BETTY. But we know all about that.

ANNESLEY. Don't interrupt, Betty. Go on, Judge, tell me the joke. These girls never would confess exactly what Saunders did.

WATTS. Saunders was not the name of the groom. It was—dear—dear—it has slipped my memory. But it was not Saunders.

ANNESLEY. Henry Saunders is the name.

WATTS. Then he had an alias, for I distinctly remember—I really cannot recall what he called himself. Can't one of you ladies help me out?

MRS. CONWAY. I think his name was—Peter—er—Smith.

ANNESLEY. Used an alias, did he? Then the scrape must have been serious.

BETTY. It does not matter. He went to New York.

WATTS. Then he has returned; for I saw him yesterday on Vermont Avenue driving a smart little Victoria.

BETTY. Surely you are mistaken.

WATTS. My dear young lady, the young rascal impressed me as a dashing confidence man, disguised as a groom.

ANNESLEY. He always struck me as a commonplace, pug-nosed old fellow—I never liked him. He had a nasty squint.

WATTS. My man had no squint.

MRS. CONWAY. Aren't you a trifle near-sighted, Judge?

ANNESLEY. He would have to be blind not to see Saunders' squint.

MRS. CONWAY. Well, do let us forget the wretch. Let us forget everything except that the experience has given us the pleasure of meeting Judge Watts. Why do you not go more into society, Judge—one never meets any really interesting men now. (*Looks at him coquettishly*)

WATTS. (*Flattered*) I leave that to the young gallants.

MRS. CONWAY. So unkind of you. May I see your hand, Judge? (*As he gives it to her*) I am studying palmistry. Did you ever look into it?

WATTS. I should like to. (*Edges nearer to her*)

CORA. (*Entering breathlessly,* R. 2) Colonel, he has gone to Washington.

ANNESLEY. Nonsense. I saw him in the garden.

CORA. Yes, sir. That is what he says, sir.

ANNESLEY. (*Rising*) What is what he says?

CORA. (*Frightened*) That he has gone to Washington.

ANNESLEY. (*Angry*) He sent that message to me?

CORA. Yes, sir.

BETTY. You don't mean that, Cora.

CORA. No, miss.

BETTY. He said that he was going, not gone.

CORA. No, miss—says I—the Colonel says that you are to come up to the house—at once—*at once.* Says he, tell him I am gone to Washington.

ANNESLEY. Where is he now?

CORA. (*Bewildered*) Gone to Washington.

ANNESLEY. Don't say that fool thing again. Where did you leave the groom?

CORA. I didn't leave him, sir. He went away.

ANNESLEY. Oh, good God. Pardon me a moment, Watts. I am determined that you shall see James. (*Exits* R. C. CORA *follows him up and off* R. 3)

WATTS. (*Triumphantly*) *James* was the first name of your groom's alias. I knew it was *not* Peter. Now, I'll have the other in a moment.

BETTY. (*Rushing to him—*R. *of him.* MRS. CONWAY *simultaneously drops down* L. *of him*) Please don't. Oh, Judge Watts, don't you see we are trying to keep this story from Dad?

WATTS. You are?

MRS. CONWAY. Do you suppose Betty dared to tell the Colonel about the kiss?

WATTS. Doesn't he know?

BETTY. Of course not—you know what a darling old fire-eater he is. He would have horsewhipped or killed the wretch. I dared not tell him.

WATTS. What a blundering old idiot I have been.

BETTY. Oh, you were not to blame. But you will be discreet now?

MRS. CONWAY. Oh, we can depend upon the Judge.

BETTY. Oh, surely. Remember how tactful he was in Court. We have so often spoken of your cleverness.

MRS. CONWAY. I shall never forget the dexterous way in which you closed the case, and marched the prisoner out.

WATTS. (*Flattered*) It was rather neat, eh?

MRS. CONWAY. Marvelous. (*Glancing at clock*) But I must go. Oh, I am so disappointed. I counted on a nice, long chat with you, Judge.

BETTY. You made a tremendous impression on Mrs. Conway, Judge.

WATTS. I wish I could believe that.

MRS. CONWAY. It is very naughty of Betty to tell, but I certainly did hope to meet you again. Suppose I take you back to Washington with me in my motor car, now, by way of *beginning* the acquaintance?

WATTS. Nothing could suit me better. (*Goes to her* R.)

MRS. CONWAY. But we must hurry. Good-bye, Betty.

COLONEL ANNESLEY. (*Entering*) What? Are you going? I hoped to have you stay for dinner.

BETTY. So sorry he can't stay, But Mrs. Conway has kindly offered to take him back to Washington in her motor car.

WATTS. Yes, thank you, very sorry, but I can't stay. Good-bye, Colonel. (*Shakes hands with* COLONEL ANNESLEY, *and crosses* L. C. *to* BETTY) Good-afternoon. (*In a low voice*) Set your mind at rest, my dear young lady, the Colonel shall never know the story from me. (*Returns to* MRS. CONWAY R. *with whom* ANNESLEY *has shaken hands*)

OMNES. Good-bye, good-afternoon. Come out again, etc. (*Exit* WATTS *and* MRS. CONWAY R. C. CORA *enters* R. 2, *and removes tea things* L. 2)

ANNESLEY. A fine little fellow. We must have him out again. James upset me so, I cannot get over it. You must speak to the fellow, Betty.

BETTY. I surely will, but we must not be too hard on him, Dad—he is only a groom.

ANNESLEY. And what did Cora mean by bringing me that fool message?

BETTY. She was bewildered——

(CORA *re-enters and crosses around at back to* R. *and exits.*)

ANNESLEY. (*Bewildered, watches her off*) The girl simply lied. Oh, well, you speak to her, and I'll talk to James. (*Goes up* R. *to exit*)

BETTY. Oh, Dad, I've—I've finished the plans. Don't you wish to see them?

ANNESLEY. (*Stopping by window*) The plans?

BETTY. Yes. Let me show them to you. I have the last one here. (*Brings down big red book from table up* L. C. *by stairs.* ANNESLEY *seats himself at table* R. C.) There, see that—Look at that line—etc.

ANNESLEY. Number of men—yes, yes, very good.

BETTY. Is it all right?

ANNESLEY. Capital, but you shouldn't leave leave these drawings where anyone can see them.

BETTY. The others are in your cabinet, and no one would dream that this old Veterinary's manual conceals fortification plans that will make the name of Annesley famous.

ANNESLEY. Famous! Nonsense.

BETTY. You said that if the Government accepted your inventions for the new fortifications you would be rich and famous

ANNESLEY. All that is for the future. Meantime understand, that no one must get the slightest hint of the work you are doing for me. You must guard these plans as if they were a state secret.

BETTY Trust me. Oh! It makes me so proud to feel that I am helping in this crowning achievement of your noble career——

ANNESLEY. (*Wincing*) Betty!

CORA. (*Entering* R.) Count Karloff, sir.

ANNESLEY. Show him in here.

BETTY. (*Turning aside, takes vet's manual, puts it on table* L. U *hastily and tries to exit*) Provoking!

(KARLOFF *enters quickly, greets* ANNESLEY.)

KARLOFF. Good-morning, Colonel Annesley!

(*Then up* L. C. *to* BETTY) Ah, Mademoiselle, I thought you were at the Hunt Club. but there has been an accident.

BETTY. (*Lightly*) Nothing injured but my vanity, Count.

KARLOFF. The disarray is most becoming, I assure you, Mademoiselle.

(ANNESLEY *replaces papers and locks desk.*)

BETTY. Thank you. (*Gathers up her habit*) If you will excuse me, I will repair the damage.

KARLOFF. Certainly, I will chat with the Colonel, and then, may I not hope that you will honor me by taking a spin in my new motor car? I brought it out for your approval.

BETTY. (*Gradually moving up* L.) You are very good, Count; but my schoolmate, Nancy Worburton, is coming to spend the afternoon.

ANNESLEY. (R. *of table*) Put her off by telephone.

BETTY. (*Apparently dismayed*) Impossible, Dad. She has just returned from New York, and wired to make the engagement.

KARLOFF. To-morrow then?

BETTY. To-morrow—(*As if remembering*) I have some very important work to do for my father.

KARLOFF. Would Wednesday be possible?

BETTY. (*As if disappointed*) I've not one free moment this week, but you are coming out to the Hunt Club dinner Saturday?

KARLOFF. I have the honor.

BETTY. We will set a date then. Meantime, I really must get ready for Nancy. (*Up steps*) *Au revoir,* Count. (*Exits* L. U. E.)

KARLOFF. (*Bowing*) Until Saturday. Mademoiselle. (*Coming down to* ANNESLEY, *with a*

smile) Your charming daughter is in her most coquettish mood.

ANNESLEY. (*Crossing up* R., *offering him cigars which he gets from box on table up* R.) Pay no attention to her whims, Count, she is spoiled.

KARLOFF. (*Selecting cigar*) I adore her caprice, Colonel—a non-resisting woman is as uninteresting as a stuffed rabbit. (*Moves to mantel for match*) But you look depressed, sir. Not ill, I trust? (*Throughout following scene both men are very quiet and direct*)

ANNESLEY. (*Up* R.) This miserable business about the fortification plans is driving me frantic.

KARLOFF. (*Replacing match-box with strong movement*) You cannot get them. I feared that

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ANNESLEY. (*To* L. *of table* C.) It is not that—I have the set almost complete. But now the moment has come to consummate our bargain—(*With a burst of emotion*) I cannot do it, Karloff, I cannot betray my country's confidence.

KARLOFF. (*Crossing to* ANNESLEY *and giving him his cigar to get a light from*) I quite appreciate your feelings, my dear, Colonel; but under the existing conditions between Russia and America the plans have no real value.

ANNESLEY. (*Returning cigar*) Does that justify me in selling them to Russia? The President placed me at the head of the Commission appointed to perfect for our coast defence the very plans that I agreed to sell to you. (*To* L.) If I go on I am a traitor; a double traitor. (*Crosses* L., *and drops into chair before fireplace*)

KARLOFF. (*Leaning over his chair*) In time of war, yes. But now you simply receive one hundred thousand dollars for a set of useless plans that will moulder away in the dusty files of our War Office. Voila.

ANNESLEY. (*Rising*) That does not lessen my

treachery. When I made the bargain with you at Monte Carlo, I was half crazy. I had lost my entire fortune, and Betty's as well, at those cursed tables—(*Breaks off*) I was desperate.

KARLOFF. Let those bad memories rest, Sir. You had to choose between absolute ruin and the money I was empowered to offer.

ANNESLEY. It was frantic folly that set me to gambling at my time of life.

KARLOFF. It is too late to hark back now, my dear, Colonel. What is done is done.

ANNESLEY. (*Crosses* R.) I need not go on, and I will not. No! I have resolved to destroy the plans. (*Crosses* R. *to table* C. *taking in room with emotion*) By selling this house, our home, I can return the twenty thousand dollars you have advanced and I will.

KARLOFF. (*Up* L. C.) Impossible. (ANNESLEY *turns questioningly below table*) That is to turn your innocent daughter into the street. Beggar her to screen your pride. You must *not* do *it*. (ANNESLEY R. *of* C. *table shakes head negatively*. KARLOFF *comes down* L. *of table*) No! Listen to me—My Czar has commanded me to buy these plans; if I refuse, or fail, my estates are confiscated, and I am banished.

ANNESLEY. But——

KARLOFF. In plain English, I am a spy, I, Sergius Karloff, a spy! I loathe the thought—it has become doubly distasteful since I met your daughter and realized how she would regard our bargain. But what can I do? The Czar commands. Necessity is your Czar, sir; grinding necessity.

ANNESLEY. (*Grimly*) It is not necessary to betray my country to pay my gambling debts.

KARLOFF. (*With deep emotion*) It is imperative that you do not compel your helpless daughter to pay the price of your folly. (ANNESLEY *stands*

R. *of table overwhelmed.* KARLOFF L. *of table*) If I am harsh you must forgive me, Sir. I speak in the interest of Miss Annesley.

ANNESLEY. (*After short pause with a long drawn sighing breath*) You are right. For Betty's sake I must go on. You shall have the plans.

KARLOFF. (*Taking his hand warmly*—ANNESLEY *simply permits it*) Bravely spoken. Now to settle this painful matter. When may I bring you the money?

ANNESLEY. You are coming to the hunt dinner Saturday?

KARLOFF. Yes; I am honored by an invitation.

ANNESLEY. Remain after the others, then, and we will close the affair.

KARLOFF. Good. And after that let us consign the whole thing to oblivion.

ANNESLEY. If it were only possible!

KARLOFF. It is, I assure you. (*Crosses* R.) Believe me, my own part is as repulsive as yours, but after Saturday I shall, as the American say, "wipe it off the slate." (*Exits*)

ANNESLEY. (*After* KARLOFF'S *exit, going up* C.) A convenient code.

WORBURTON. (*Entering up* R.) You sent for me, Colonel Annesley?

ANNESLEY. Ah, James! I wish to thank you for your gallantry in saving my daughter's life.

WORBURTON. I did nothing, sir. Miss Annesley is sheer pluck, and practically saved herself.

BETTY. (*Entering* L. U. E. *with rose and roll of bills in hand. Coming forward* L. C.) Don't conceal the truth, James, Miss Annesley simply fell in the dirt with the dash and spirit of a sack of meal, and you know it.

WORBURTON. I don't remember that, Miss.

BETTY. Then you were more confused than you seemed. Dad, dear, the gardener wants to see

you about the hot houses. He says my idea is too expensive.

ANNESLEY. (*Going up* C.) He is an infernal old nuisance.

BETTY. I think you'd better bully him a little, Dad. There's no use in spoiling an ideal plan to save a few hundred dollars and I have set my heart on having my own way.

ANNESLEY. I'll see him at once. (*Exits into garden* R. 3)

(WORBURTON *starts to follow.*)

BETTY. (*Taking roll of bills from her purse*) One moment, James.

WORBURTON. (*Turning in window* R. U.) What is it?

BETTY. (*Archly*) Did I hear you say "Miss?"

WORBURTON. (*Amused*) I am afraid not, Miss. I hope you'll overlook it, *Miss.*

BETTY. Certainly. (*With a mock sigh*) But it's trying to have to remind you so often, James. There—(*Hands him bills across table* R. C.)

WORBURTON. (*Staring at money*) What is this, *Miss?*

BETTY. Your wages, James.

WORBURTON. Oh, yes, I have been here a month, haven't I, Miss?

BETTY. (*Mischievously*) Just thirty days, and I am exceedingly pleased with you, James.

WORBURTON. You are very good to say so—Miss.

BETTY. (*With patronizing air—sits* L. C. *in big chair by fire*) Yes, you make William keep the horses and stables in very good order, and the er—immaculate condition of your collars, and your hands is most gratifying.

WORBURTON. (*Furious*) You are very kind to notice them, Miss. Is that all?

BETTY. Not quite. I believe Pierre told you that I give a small dinner to a few members of the Hunt Club Saturday?

WORBURTON. Yes, Miss.

BETTY. (*Shading her face and rather maliciously*) As the butler is ill, I am going to ask you to take his place.

WORBURTON. (*Alarmed*) Out of the question, Miss. Really, you'll have to excuse me, I—I never saw a dinner party in my life.

BETTY. That doesn't make any difference. Pierre will coach you. (*Grimaces from* BETTY) It is very easy, you have only to pass things around, you know.

WORBURTON. You said it was a Hunt dinner, Miss?

BETTY. Yes, a very informal little affair. Just a few of my *Washington* friends.

WORBURTON. Washington! (*Breaks off dismayed, gasps*)

BETTY. Why do you gasp, James?

WORBURTON. Embarrassment, Miss. The mere thought of being so near the—er—swells. I'd be sure to make a miss of it—mes—mess of it, Miss, and pour soup over their backs.

BETTY. I'll not listen, no really, James, I cannot take no for an answer. I ask this as a personal favor. (*Rises*) Do it to oblige me.

WORBURTON. I'd wash the poodle, or any old thing to oblige you, *Miss*—but I must say that it will come hard for a man used to serving horses *a la carte,* to turn about and wait at table *a la Russe.*

BETTY. You have a very neat French accent, James.

WORBURTON. Pierre doesn't think so, Miss. He's teaching me.

BETTY. You are a quick study. (*With a slight*

laugh) Ah! You might as well own up, James, you'll never convince me that you are an ordinary groom.

WORBURTON. I don't remember trying to convince you of anything, Miss. You took me without references on the condition that I broke Pirate. I never understood it myself,—er—why you paid the fine or——

BETTY. (*Confused*) The less said about that disgraceful episode, the better. You would do well to forget it.

WORBURTON. Quite so, Miss, but there are some things a man cannot forget, not even to oblige you, Miss. (*Over her* L. C. *looking affectionately at her*)

BETTY. (*Severely, turning, meets his eyes*) Don't look at me that way, James. (*Trying to suppress smile*) It—it is not at all respectful. (*Crosses in front of table* R. C., *drops rose at his feet as if by accident, then up to window*)

WORBURTON. (*A touch of joking the situation behind her back*) Very sorry, Miss—no offence. The copy-book says: "A cat might look at a king. (*He makes a move to get rose. She turns, he resumes his servant's attitude*)

BETTY. Never answer back, James, and recollect that I gave you this chance to redeem yourself in the pure spirit of unadulterated charity.

WORBURTON. For which I'm humbly grateful, Miss.

BETTY. Then try to remember, James, that you are only a groom. (*Exits into garden* R. 3)

WORBURTON. (*Looking after her with cheerful grin*) The pure spirit of unadulterated charity. That was a beautiful bluff. (*Snatching up rose, kisses it*) Bless her for a dear little humbug! I wonder how much she guesses—she can't *know*, but certainly she guesses a good bit, or she wouldn't take it out of me in such shape. *Only the groom.*

(*Kisses rose, puts it in pocket*) Only the bridegroom *perhaps*——

PIERRE. (*Rushing in excitedly* L. 2 E.) *A Moi!* To the rescue! Ze villain stove-pipe haf collapse!

WORBURTON. Go to the—(BETTY *looks in window to see what the excitement is about*) Plumber!

PIERRE. Zere ees no plumbaire—Vite! Ze oven cool before my eye! Ze pies are sinking. (*Enter* BETTY *from window*) Quick, Zhames, you hold, I poosh.

WORBURTON. Oh! I can't fuss with stove-pipes, my man. I'm only the groom.

BETTY. To oblige me, James?

WORBURTON. Eh! (*Resignedly*) Oh, certainly, certainly; anything to oblige you, er *Miss.*

PIERRE. Hurry! Ze pies aire ruin! (*Runs out* L. 2 E.)

BETTY. (*As* WORBURTON *starts to follow* L. *sulkily*) Don't look so sulky, James; we expect everybody to be accomodating in the country.

WORBURTON. So I see, Miss; but there are one or two odd jobs you've overlooked. The cows need a shampoo, and the pig needs a bath, and if I can be of service, command me—*Miss.* (*Bows, exits* L. 2 E.)

BETTY. (*Leans over chair* R. *of tabel* R. C., *looks at floor*) He took the rose. I know he would. Oh, but it's delightful. A real romance—I'd be perfectly happy if I could only be sure that he is the man I think he is.

CORA. (*Entering* R. 2) Miss Worburton, Mr. Henderson! Miss. (*Ushers in* NANCY *and* HENDERSON; *retires up around and exits* L. 2)

BETTY. (*Impulsively greeting them. She and* NANCY *blend their speeches in a gurgling way*) This is perfectly lovely. When did you get back from New York, Nancy? Mean of you to run away.

NANCY. (*Putting parasol on table* R. C. *as she enters*) I got back this morning. (*Greeting* BETTY. HENDERSON *bowing and extending hand* R. C. *is forgotten*) I made Charlie bring me straight to you. I've so much to tell you. (*To* HENDERSON) Charlie, dear, wouldn't you like to go out and smoke in the garden?

HENDERSON. (*With mock pathos*) I was only waiting to say how d'ye do, to Miss Annesley.

BETTY. (*Crossing to him. Shaking hands*) Please excuse us. I haven't seen Nancy since I returned from Europe.

HENDERSON. I know, and now, Nancy has got to see all your Paris things, and tell you how she induced me to becomes engaged to her. I'll be back in a couple of hours. (*Goes up to window* R. U. E.)

BETTY. (*Back to* NANCY, C.) You have him very well trained, Nancy. (*They gurgle again*) Take off your hat, dear. Oh—(*Admiring* NANCY'S *hat*)

NANCY. (*Removing hat*) I got it in New York. It's a sample from Paris—the most wonderful bargain, only fifty dollars.

BETTY. It's a dear.

HENDERSON. They're off! (*Exits into garden* R. U. E. *Girls startled—then laugh*)

NANCY. Isn't he a darling! Oh, Betty, it's lovely, being engaged. (*As they sit, chair* L. *by fireplace.* BETTY *sits on* R. *arm of it*) But what is this gossip about you and Count Karloff?

BETTY. Just gossip. We are merely friends.

NANCY. Somebody ought to tell him. Mrs. John says he is simply frantic about you.

BETTY. Absurd.

NANCY. I hope it is, because I've just set my heart on a match between you and my brother, Bob.

BETTY. Bob is the soldier, isn't he?

NANCY. He was until a nasty Indian shot him in the leg and he went abroad.

BETTY. The Indian?

NANCY. No, Bob, and it does seem like Fate, he came back on the steamer with you, and fell in love with you at first sight. I tried to tell you about it at the ball, and we were interrupted. Surely you must have noticed him on the ship?

BETTY. What does he look like?

NANCY. He's big and lovely, and wears a pointed beard. Oh! Women go wild over Bob. (*Taking off gloves*)

BETTY. I can't seem to remember—but father was so deathly ill, I didn't notice anyone.

NANCY. (*Indignant. Rising and going below table* R. C.) Well, if all my family had been having blind staggers in the—er—Lee skuppers, *I'd* have noticed Bob. (*Puts glove on table*)

BETTY. I'm truly sorry, darling; but it's all for the best. I despise beards. There's no excuse for them unless a man has a weak mouth. (*Still on arm of chair*)

NANCY. Weak mouth! Bob! Well, you wait until you see Bob's picture without a beard. I'll mail you one to-night.

BETTY. (*Rising excitedly to* NANCY C.) Can you? Will you? Oh, Nancy, you won't forget.

NANCY. (*Mischievously*) No, but why all this excitement? Ah, ha! You did notice Bob? You're a fibber.

BETTY. You're another. (*They embrace and half sit on* C. *table*) If Bob really was so impressed with my charms, why didn't he come to the ball to meet me?

NANCY. I didn't tell him you were to be there. I meant to punish him because he wouldn't go with us, and when we got back he was gone.

BETTY. Gone?

NANCY. Without even taking his hat, and the

next day, we got a letter saying he had rushed off to Canada, to join a chum who was hunting big game.

BETTY. Male or female?

NANCY. You don't believe it? I didn't—I don't and I won't. I don't know where Bob is, but I feel sure it's *not* Canada. There's a mystery and *Charlie knows it.*

BETTY. Oh! Let's call him in and pump him!

NANCY. (*Scornfully*) Pump a newspaper man! Why, my dear, he makes his living by telling lies, and of course stands right in with Bob; that's the man of it. No matter how mad they get, they *won't* tell each other's secrets.

BETTY. Just let me try my hand on him. (*Up and around table to window* R. *with* NANCY) If I am to marry Bob, I ought to investigate. Oh! Pirate has come back! Come and see him.

NANCY. Is that your new groom leading him? Charlie says you have the handsomest groom in Washington.

BETTY. No, that's only William, but I want you to see James. (BETTY *and* NANCY *exeunt*)

PIERRE. (*Off* L.). Thank you, James, you are very kind. I'll make you a pie.

(WORBURTON *entering* L. 2.)

WORBURTON. That's all right but next time you get the stove-pipe man. (WORBURTON *enters in shirt sleeves, his collar is unbuttoned on one side, his hands are black with soot, he seems hot and exasperated*) I wonder what the next stunt will be?

BETTY. (*Re-entering*) I think he is in the kitchen—ah! Here you are, James!

WORBURTON. Is there anything else, Miss?

BETTY. Yes. One moment. (*Turning to window*) Nancy! Come in, dear!

WORBURTON. (*Glancing off*) Nancy! (*Instantly passes sooty hands over his face, so that as* NANCY *re-enters with* HENDERSON, *he confronts the party with a black mask on*)

BETTY. This—oh!—(*Seeing how he has outwitted her—tries to restrain herself from laughing, as do* NANCY *and* HENDERSON)

WORBURTON. That'll be about all, I suppose, Miss.

BETTY. (*Up* C.) Yes. You may go.

(WORBURTON *exits* L. 2 E.; *the three burst out laughing.*)

NANCY. (*Sitting* R. *of table* R. C. *To* HENDERSON) Is that your idea of a handsome man?

HENDERSON. You should see him with his face clean. He's rather a remarkable looking chap for a groom, don't you think, Miss Annesley?

BETTY. (L. C., *coolly*) In what respect?

HENDERSON. Seems a bit above his station, don't you think?

BETTY. Oh, dear, no! He is the most unaffected creature. He was helping the Chef with a stovepipe when you came, and he actually offered to wash the pig.

HENDERSON. I hope you accepted the offer.

BETTY. (*Mischievously*) Would you?

HENDERSON. (*Crosses* C.) I'll give you an opera party if you will.

NANCY. Bother the man. (HENDERSON *up* C. *and* R.) I want to hear you play the new violin, Betty. I'll accompany you. (*Goes up* L.)

BETTY. I'll consider your offer, Mr. Henderson. It's tempting, but—I don't want to lose James. (*Exits* L. U. E. *with* NANCY)

HENDERSON. (*Looking after them*) Hum! There seems to be two Jokers in this pack. (*A*

sentimental air is softly played on violin off) Now's my chance for a word with Bob.

CORA. (*Entering* L. 2 E. *with glass on tray*) Is the julep for you, sir?

HENDERSON. Decidedly. (*Giving her a tip*) Where is Colonel Annesley?

CORA. The Colonel has gone to Washington, Sir.

HENDERSON. (*Scribbling a line on page of note-book*) Good. Then I want you to give this to James Osborne, the groom. I want his advice about my mare. (*Giving her note*) Clever fellow, James, eh? Good-looking chap, eh?

CORA. (*Enthusiastically*) Oh, yes, sir! And you ought to see him ride that awful Pirate. Made him take a five bar fence and never touched, sir. He's a reg'lar center—centaur—centerpide when it comes to horses. (*Exits* L. 2)

HENDERSON. (*Laughing*) A "reg'lar centerpide! Jove! He'll need a thousand legs when the fair Betty runs him to earth! Does she suspect him? I wonder—(*Beckons off* L. 2. WORBURTON *appears.* HENDERSON *seizes his arm, draws him in*) It is perfectly safe. You can bolt when the music stops.

WORBURTON. Well, you said you had something to tell me. (*Shows note. Throughout scene* BOB *is slightly nervous of being overheard*)

HENDERSON. Merely, that in my opinion, Betty Annesley is on to you.

WORBURTON. She can't know my name.

HENDERSON. She is on the hot scent after your picture without a beard, and Nancy is going to mail it to her.

WORBURTON. The deuce! I never thought of that confounded picture!

HENDERSON. (*Coolly drinking julep at table* R. C.) The jig is up when she gets it.

WORBURTON. Look here, there's only one which

is in Mrs. John's album. As soon as you get back, you will take it out and hide it.

HENDERSON. Not I. No! I'm only too jolly glad that you will be obliged to return to common sense. (*Drinks*)

WORBURTON. I'm not obliged. I *won't* be. (*Forces him to put julep down*) You're in love, Charlie, put yourself in my place.

HENDERSON. No—Couldn't. She's laughing at you, Bob, she's got a tearing sense of humor, and likes to have her vaudeville in the house, but you'll never get her to take you seriously after this.

WORBURTON. I don't care how she takes me, if she only—takes me.

HENDERSON. Do you want to bet?

(*Stops piano. Violin alone—different tune. Plaintive.*)

WORBURTON. Not about her. No— But if I lose her I'll give you my little black mare——

HENDERSON. Thanks, old man, and if you win *her,* I'll *give* you my entire collection of postage stamps which I value next to Nancy.

WORBURTON. All right, but you must suppress that picture, let it be a duel of wits between Betty and me.

HENDERSON. That's only fair, I'll do it.

WORBURTON. (*Sits* L. *on arm of chair near fireplace*) Thanks, old man.

HENDERSON. (*Joking*) What! fellow! sitting in my presence——

(WORBURTON *rises with comical acquiescence—Groom's salute, etc.*)

WORBURTON. Ah! You don't know what this month has been to me—the farce has grown to romance, and the joke with a pretty girl has turned

into serious love for the finest creature that God ever made——

HENDERSON. Next to Nancy.

WORBURTON. Nancy is a dear girl, but Betty Annesley—Ah! You must live near her to know her, she has romance, passion! Patriotism, poetry everything that is great and noble in her nature (*Goes up* R. C.) Night after night, she pours out her soul in her music, while I lie out there in the moonlight and dream and dream on! (*Heaves a sentimental sigh*)

HENDERSON. My word! Is this Bob Worburton, daredevil of his regiment, or Claude Melnotte, in one act? (*Crosses to mantel with exaggerated tragic movement*)

WORBURTON. Don't you guy, old man. (*Comes down* L. C.) For the first time in my life I am hard hit, and this absurd incognito makes the romance perfect. An army man with money of his own does not see the nicest side of girls.

HENDERSON. Poor victim to your own charms.

WORBURTON. I never flattered myself before, that I was anything but a tag on my income. But here's a girl that doesn't care a rap for anything but the man. Don't you see the fascination of it?

HENDERSON. (*Seriously*) If she *does* care, yes.

WORBURTON. If she is not interested, why does she permit me to stay here?

HENDERSON. (*With sympathetic manner*) All right, my boy; I'm in love myself. (*Shakes hands*) I'll give you a hand up.

WORBURTON. (*To* C.) And you'll manage to get rid of that confounded picture?

HENDERSON. Yes and more. (*Comes* C.) I've just thought of a compact little lie that will make Miss Annesley positive that you cannot be Bob Worburton.

WORBURTON. (*Shaking hands*) I knew you would root for me if I could only arouse your pro-

fessional enthusiasm for a good lie. Another point. Nancy must not come out to this Hunt dinner Saturday. (*stop music*)

HENDERSON. She is booked for a musicale. Leave it to me—I'll keep the girls apart—Hist! The music's stopped.

(WORBURTON *exits through window stumbling over table as* BETTY *enters quickly* L. U. E. *pauses, looking around with slightly disappointed air.*)

BETTY. Oh! I thought I heard voices.

HENDERSON. I took the liberty of calling your groom in to get a remedy for "sand cracks."

BETTY. (*Joining him eagerly* L. *of table* R. C.) What did you think of James?

HENDERSON. (R. *of table* R. C.) Frankly, he struck me as a bally idiot—I hope you had a good reference with him, he has a nervous, furtive sort of manner that I don't quite like.

BETTY. (*With disbelieving air*) Really? Er—by the bye—when do you expect Lieutenant Worburton back from Canada?

HENDERSON. (*Promptly*) Next week!

BETTY. Next week?

HENDERSON. (*Below table leaning on it*) Yes, I'll rush him right out. He is not quite the Adonis Nancy describes, but—aside from his hair—he is very much to the good.

BETTY. What is the matter with his hair?

HENDERSON. (*Blandly*) Nothing, if you like red.

BETTY. (*Dismayed, then to* HENDERSON R. *of table*) It is not red!

HENDERSON. Confidently, fiery is the word. Nancy is horribly sensitive about it, *she* calls it auburn.

BETTY. But she said all women admired him.

HENDERSON. They do. (*Crosses* R.) Wait until you see his picture. He has a pure Grecian pr

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BETTY. (*Following him* R.) But *red* hair!

HENDERSON. (*Pointing to Nancy re-entering with two photos* L. U. E.) Ssh!

NANCY. (*Coming down* C.) I've taken these two, Betty, and you shall have Bob's picture in exchange.

BETTY. Thank you dear, I hardly——

HENDERSON. (*Interrupting hastily*) Pardon me. It is past five o'clock and I must tear Nancy away. (*Shakes hands with* BETTY *across table*)

NANCY. Betty wait till I tell you about Jimmy Bayley, and that awful woman in the chorus!

HENDERSON. (*Seizing* NANCY'S *arm*) Remember, we dine at the French Embassy, my dear.

NANCY. (*Resisting*) Jimmy took her out in his auto——

HENDERSON. Now, Nancy! Good-bye! Miss Annesley!

BETTY. Good-bye!

NANCY. And she was feeling very gay after a champagne dinner——

HENDERSON. (*Drawing* NANCY *to window* R. 3 E.) Nancy!

NANCY. And just as everybody was leaving the White House, the auto flew by and she—(*Snatching up parasol from table* R. C.) I *must* have my parasol! Bob brought it from Paris——

HENDERSON. (*Seizing other end of parasol*) We'll have to run. (*Starts back to window, dragging* NANCY *after him*)

NANCY. (*Over her shoulder*) And she was standing on the seat waving his hat! (*Exits laughing with* HENDERSON R. 3)

BETTY. (*Laughing—calls out*) Don't forget the picture. (*Impulsively, coming down* L. C.) Circumstantial evidence is a fool! Bob disappeared

the night of the Embassy ball. James appeared. Bob is romantically in love with me, so is James. Bob loves a joker, so does James—every link in the chain is complete to prove that James is Bob, and then it seems that Bob has red hair, and James is not Bob—and oh—(*Goes hastily to window, calls* "JAMES," *beckons with imperative gesture then comes down in front of table* R. C. *and over* L. C.) If he is not Bob, who is he? He is afraid to meet Washington people—He—well! I'll see if I can't aggravate him into telling me. If you can make a man mad enough he tells the truth *sometimes.* (*Sits by fire* L. C., *drums impatiently with her fingers*) He *ought* to be Bob. Perhaps he is. He may have dyed his hair. Or Charlie Henderson may have told a fib. (*Rises*) Or—well—I'll have the picture anyway. (L. *of table*)

WORBURTON. (*Entering from garden* R. 3) You want me, Miss?

BETTY. (*Frigidly*) Yes. When I left the room just now, I dropped a rose. You—er—found it?

WORBURTON. (*Surprised*) I did—yes!

BETTY. And er—kept it?

WORBURTON. (*With slight hesitation*) Ye–es.

BETTY. Knowing that I dropped it?

WORBURTON. Certainly, Miss, I didn't think there was any harm.

BETTY. I am sorry to be so continually forced to remind you of your position, James, but you must see that what might be called sentiment in a gentleman is the height of impertinence in a groom.

WORBURTON. I might have kept the rose for anything but a sentimental reason, Miss.

BETTY. (*With sarcastic smile*) For instance?

WORBURTON. (R. U.) I might have wished to make a little *potpourri* for the carriage house.

BETTY. (*Walking from* L. C. *to* R. U. *and back*) I consider that downright impudent.

WORBURTON. I suppose if a gentleman had said it, you would regard it as a joke, wouldn't you, Miss?

BETTY. (L. C. *rising*) Have you the rose with you?

WORBURTON. (*Quietly angry*) I have, Miss.

BETTY. (*With imperative gesture*) Lay it on the table.

WORBURTON. (*With angry jerk, takes the rose from inner pocket, tosses it on the table*) There's the rose.

BETTY. Thank you. Now let us forget this unpleasant little scene, James. If I have hurt your feelings I am sorry, for you are a very good fellow—when you keep in your place.

WORBURTON. It occurs to me, Miss, that the place is above the capacities of any fellow short of the late lamented Job. Consequently I have the honor to resign from your service. (*Makes stiff military bow and turns on his heel to exit* R. 3)

BETTY. (*With motion*) James! (*Recovering as he turns*) You move like a soldier. Were you ever in the army?

WORBURTON. I leave you to fill the blanks in my hideous past with your own vivid imagination, *Miss.* If you will kindly keep my wages to repay you for that confounded fine, we will call it square. Good-day. (*Bows—starts up to window*)

BETTY. One moment, please. (*As he turns* I can't let you go like this—not on the day you saved my life. Think it over—try another week at least.

WORBURTON. I'd rather fight Indians, thank you. (*Starts to window again*)

BETTY. James! (*As he turns, she smiles at him sweetly*) Count twenty-five, please. I insist. (*Goes to door* L. U. E.) Yes, I insist that you count twenty-five. I'll leave you alone for five minutes,

and when I come back I am quite sure that you will have reconsidered. (*Exits quickly*)

WORBURTON. (*Staring after her angrily*) Come to heel, Fido, sorry I had to kick you, but I'll pat your head, and you'll love me twice as much. (*Thrusts hands into his pockets doggedly, saunters down*) No, no, my lady, I'm not your dog. (*Taking rose from table* R. C. *glares at it*) A very neat little trap. Pah! (*Flings it into waste paper basket*) And she thinks I will reconsider. She doesn't know me! And she never will know me now. I wouldn't marry her—I wouldn't marry—(*Breaks off with sarcastic smile*) What's the use of lying when I'm all alone?

(WILLIAM, *a boy of about eighteen dressed as stable help appears in window.*)

WILLIAM. (*Outside*) Mr. Osborne. Mr. Osborne! (*Coming through window*) Oh, say, Mr. Osborne, Pirate is in a fearful sweat and he's couching his head off.

WORBURTON. (L. C.) Let him cough!

WILLIAM. Ain't you coming up?

WORBURTON. No, send for the vet.

WILLIAM. There ain't any vet short of Washington. Oh! You must do something, Mr. Osborne. Get the Colonel's book and come along, the poor beast is suffering fearful.

WORBURTON. Suffering (*Hesitates*)

WILLIAM. Something awful. The book is kept here—a big red book. There it is on the table. (*Pointing* L. C.)

WORBURTON. All right, I'll come. (WILLIAM *exits*) "A big red book"—I can't let the poor brute suffer—(*Sees book on small table up* L. C. *rushes to it, catches it up, taking the drawing with it, comes down reading title* L. C.) "The Veterinary's"—Ah! Now then. (*Opens book. The*

drawing flutters to the floor, he picks it up, tucks book under his arm, and examines sketch) Something of hers—Hello! (*Sits in armchair* L. *Stares at the sketch, utters an exclamation, gives quick glance around to be sure that he is alone, resumes examination*) Fortifications—a plan of—By Jove. A carefully worked out plan of Fortress Monroe—Number of men, number of guns, lists of ammunition. What is this doing in this house! It's treason—and it's her work. Who gave her these figures! (*Rises*) I'll answer for her loyalty with my life. She may be an innocent tool, but she *cannot* understand what this means. Is it Annesley? (C.) I don't know how to believe it—a man with his record. (*Going up* L. C. *to table*) But I must *know*. I am a soldier! I must know before I leave this house. (*Puts book and plan back and starts for window*)

BETTY. (*Re-entering* L. U. E.) Well, James have you thought it over?

WORBURTON. Yes, Miss Annesley, and have decided to remain.

BETTY. I knew you would conquer your temper.

WORBURTON. It is not a question of temper, Miss, but of duty, pure unadulterated—(*Salutes*) Duty. (*Exits into garden*)

BETTY. (*Looking after him questioningly and with disappointment*) *Duty!* (*Down* C. *picks up roll of bills from table* R. C. *Her eyes rest on rose in basket. She picks it up*) Duty! (*Then up stage to steps* L. U. E. *tucks rose in bosom of her gown*) Oh, Mister Groom! Why? (*Exits*)

(*Enter* WORBURTON R. 3, *through window, goes to table, and picks up waste paper basket expecting to find rose, is disappointed—thinks. Realizes that* BETTY *has taken it—and is pleased.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

ON TABLE R. C.—

Cleared of 2nd act props. Small alcohol cigar lighter. (Practical) Matches. Tray with extra tray under it. On tray 6 knives, 6 forks, 6 plates, 6 wine glasses, 1 extra glass. (To break) Large dish. (To break) With tongue. (Real) Carving knive, fork, and steel.
See that pistols are on wall and matches on mantel, telephone on wall R. of window.

ON TABLE UP L.—

Same as ACT II except that cigar box is on bookcase up stage and vase is filled with long stemmed red roses. See that cigar tray and bell are on table. Large long stemmed roses in large vase on bookcase (A) also in vase on desk.

ON TABLE UP R.—

Handsome lamp electric, practical. Ash tray.

SIDE PROPS L.—

BETTY ROSE. COL. ANNESLEY—key of desk. COUNT KARLOFF—Wallet containing large roll bills and document. Maid of L. 1 tray with mail, including baby's photo, wrapped, tied, etc. WORBURTON: Off L. 1 chafing-dish containing hot water and alcohol lamp underneath. 4 cigars in

box. Tray with dry mustard and bottle Worcestershire Sauce. Tray with bowl, punch, and ladle.

SCENE:—*Same as* ACT II.

"The Snuggery" of COL. ANNESLEY'S *house, two days later. Late in the evening. French window opening on to a porch* R. 3, E. R., *and* L. *upper corners of room out. Small desk and seats* R. *corner. A large and elaborate divan with canopy* L. *upper corner. Fireplace* L. 3 E. *with wood fire burning. Entrance from dining-room* L. 2 E. *Large center table down* C., *chair at* R. *Telephone down* R. *of window. Music. Very lively air on violin at rise.*

DISCOVERED:—WORBURTON *wearing handsome butler's livery, arranging tray of plates and silverware on table* C., *with sulky air, takes up tray, crosses to* L. 1 *as* HENDERSON *enters* L. 3 E.

HENDERSON. (*Mischievously*) Give me a match before you go, my man.

WORBURTON. (*At table* R. C.) Go to the dickens!

HENDERSON. (*Joining him, lights cigarette*) Don't be rude, James. I was about to throw you a bouquet on your success as a butler. Col. Raleigh was just asking Miss Annesley where she got you?

WORBURTON. Confound Raleigh! If I could have dreamed he would be here, I'd have seen her in the Potomac before I waited at table. He spent the entire dinner trying to break me up.

HENDERSON. (*Seated in armchair* L.) I noticed that. Did you see him wink at you?

WORBURTON. Yes, I'd like to have emptied the ice-pail on his head. (*Bus. with tray and dishes*) I'm not under his command now. And if I choose to do this for a joke it's none of his affairs.

HENDERSON. (*Moving* L.) Oh, he has a right to laugh at the joke, you'll admit.

WORBURTON. Well; it's time you all went home. What the dickens are you hanging on for after the others have gone, anyway?

HENDERSON. Because Miss Annesley especially urged us to remain. You're the one that ought to go home. George! When I watched you playing the flunkey out there, I was so disgusted, I'd a notion to tell the family——

WORBURTON. (*Hastily*) None of that! (*Bus. with tray and dishes*) I am staying for a good deal more than a joke now, I warn you. (R. C. *and resting tray on table*) I can't tell you, but serious mischief is brewing here, and I'm bound to be on hand for her sake.

HENDERSON. Are you in earnest, Bob?

WORBURTON. You bet I am. Charlie, (*With hesitation*)—who is Count Karloff? (COL. RALEIGH'S *voice off.* WORBURTON *breaks off abruptly as he perceives* COL. RALEIGH *who is entering* L. 3 *with a humorous air; gathering up tray and dishes starts towards* L. 1 E.)

RALEIGH. Cut him off, Henderson! (*Coming down*) Hold on, you young rascal! Don't let him pass your front!

(HENDERSON *gets between* WORBURTON *and the door.* RALEIGH *seizes his arm—All three* L. C.)

WORBURTON. (*Expostulating. Bus. tray and dishes*) Let me go, Colonel!

RALEIGH. Not until you explain why you are sailing under false colors.

WORBURTON. I'll tell you all about it later, Colonel.

RALEIGH. You'll tell me all about it now, sir. I'll not have you playing pranks with my god-daughter, Bob. And if this is one of your practical jokes——

WORBURTON. Miss Annesley is the joker in this case, sir.

RALEIGH. She knows who you are?

WORBURTON. No, sir, and she must not. Promise me not to interfere, Colonel.

RALEIGH. (*Teasing him*) Hum! I shall have to think it over before promising. Betty is the apple of my eye.

HENDERSON. You'll spoil the time of her life if you break in, Colonel Raleigh, and blight the romance of two fond hearts. Let me call upon you to-morrow and give you the whole touching idyll before you decide.

WORBURTON. That's it. Charlie knows all about it. You'll go in heart and soul when you get the fact. (*Voices heard* L. U.) They're coming out. (*Goes to door* L. 2 *quickly*) If you love me go home like a dear old chap—go home and stay home. (*Exits hastily. Bus. tray and dishes*)

RALEIGH. (*To* HENDERSON) What does it all mean? Is he seriously in love with Betty?

HENDERSON. He is absolutely daft about her, sir. Wait until you hear the story.

RALEIGH. (*Giving him card*) Yes, yes, I must have the yarn for the boys at the Post. Come to lunch to-morrow my boy. Ha, ha! Bob, seriously in love. Play the part of a butler to be near my little Betty. Well, well, I suppose there's no harm in telling her a little more about Bob, when he is in the room, eh, eh? (*Digs* HENDERSON *in the ribs*) Just to keep the edge on the joke, eh?

HENDERSON. A capital idea, Colonel. By the bye, Miss Annesley is under the impression that Bob has bright red hair.

RALEIGH. (*Crosses* R.) Ha, ha! Red hair! You are responsible for that, eh?

HENDERSON. I am afraid I am, sir.

RALEIGH. That's glorious! Now you wait, and I'll add a little vermilion to his character!

(HENDERSON *goes* L. *at voices.*)

BETTY. (*Voices entering* L. U. *to* R. *above table*) What is the joke, gentlemen? (*Strikes a little chinese gong* R. U. *table*)

HENDERSON. The Colonel was telling me an army joke.

BETTY. (*Turning electric switch* L. *of window*) May I not hear it?

RALEIGH. (*Extreme* R. *laughing*) I'm afraid it's a trifle—ahem—dearie.

BETTY. (*As* WORBURTON *re-enters* L. 2) You are a humbug—it was about—Oh! the chafing-dish, if you please, James. (WORBURTON *repeats in half voice—Chafing-dish*—JAMES: *As* WORBURTON *exits*) You've got some joke about my butler. I saw you exchanging winks at dinner.

(MRS. CONWAY *enters* L. 3, *followed by* KARLOFF *and* COLONEL ANNESLEY. *N. B.* KARLOFF, RALEIGH *and* HENDERSON *wear the scarlet coat and evening dress of the Hunt Club.* ANNESLEY *evening clothes. Both women should wear white.* KARLOFF *stands* L. *of* BETTY, ANNESLEY *above divan talking to* MRS. CONWAY.)

MRS. CONWAY. (*Observing* BETTY'S *business*) Are you going to cook something, Betty? (*Moves to divan near fire with* HENDERSON)

BETTY. (*Studying recipe book*) Yes; I always keep a few victims after our dinner to justify my course at cooking-school. To-night, I shall attempt "carbonade of tongue."

HENDERSON. What is the antidote, Miss Annesley?

BETTY. (*Mischievously*) The trolley-car, taken at once. (WORBURTON *re-enters, places chafing-dish on table*) Anyone who is afraid may escape now.

KARLOFF. (L. C.) It will at least be a pleasant

way to die. I remain. (*Goes up to book-case, selects book and places it on table up* L.)

BETTY. Dry mustard, James.

JAMES. The dry mustard, James. (*Bows and exits* L.)

BETTY. Are there any deserters?

RALEIGH. I'm not afraid. I've eaten dog with Indians, rat with the Chinese; and a twenty-five cent table d'hote dinner.

(*All laugh*—HENDERSON *sits on settee* L., KARLOFF *drops down to seat before fire* L.)

BETTY. You'll pass, sir. And now we'll have an Indian fight.

MRS. CONWAY. Oh, yes, please, Colonel. Come over by this glorious fire, and make our hair stand up.

ANNESLEY. (*To chair* L. *of table*) Go ahead, Raleigh!

(OMNES *murmur, look expectantly at* RALEIGH *who crosses to large armchair* R.)

RALEIGH. Sorry I can't oblige you; but by Jinks! Betty, that handsome butler of yours reminds me of rather a nervy thing done by one of my pet Lieutenants.

BETTY. What is the connection between my butler, and your Lieutenant, Colonel?

RALEIGH. They are enough alike to be brothers! Except that Bob has bright red hair—(*Breaks off abruptly as* WORBURTON—*re-enters—places mustard and sauce on table to* R. *of* BETTY *and then starts up to* R. 3)

HENDERSON. (*Spoken during business*) If it is about Bob Worburton, it is sure to be spicy.

(BOB *starts to go* R.)

BETTY. I want you here, James. (*As* WORBUR-

TON *reluctantly returns to table*) Carve the entire tongue in slices—(*Consulting book*) as thin as note-paper. (WORBURTON *"Thin as notepaper,"* BETTY *leans on* COLONEL'S *chair, mischievously watching* WORBURTON'S *attempt to appear unconcerned as the story progresses, and he makes havoc of the tongue*)

KARLOFF. Is this Lieutenant, Miss Nancy Worburton's brother, Colonel Raleigh?

RALEIGH. Yes, Bob Worburton, dare-devil of the regiment, into everything, and up to everything.

HENDERSON. Especially practical jokes, eh, Colonel?

(WORBURTON *knocks over glass with crash, picks it up, resumes carving with glare at* HENDERSON.)

RALEIGH. Yes, Bob goes to any lengths——

(WORBURTON *drops knife on platter—picks it up.*)

BETTY. Less noise, if you please, James. (*To* RALEIGH) I hope you are not going to tell of a practical joke; they are so insufferable.

(*Through this* BOB *carves tongue in slices of varying sizes.*)

RALEIGH. No; my little yarn concerns saving the lives of an entire company lost on the Prairie, in one of our blinding, driving snowstorms. Nothing is any good but a compass in such storms, and the Captain had forgotten his. So, there they were, wandering about in the drift, frozen and hopeless, until Bob offered to find the way.

COL. ANNESLEY. Don't expect us to believe that he actually did it, Raleigh. I know what snow means on the Plains.

RALEIGH. He did it just the same. Four hours later every man of them was being thawed out in

the barracks kitchen and Bob was hero of the hour.

BETTY. Pooh! Why a St. Bernard dog could have done as much as that! (*At this* BOB *puts down knife and fork and starts to exit through window* R., *is called back by* BETTY) Is that *all* he did?

(BOB *threatens* RALEIGH *with carving knife.*)

RALEIGH. No; one day there was a call for volunteers to go over to the reservation to arrest an Indian chief who had murdered a sheep herder. There was a cheerful belief that the officer who tackled the job would join the sheep herder, nevertheless Bob went alone—(*Rises*) brought his prisoner back in the afternoon and handed him over like a sandwich at a picnic.

HENDERSON. Bully!

RALEIGH. Is that better, Betty?

BETTY. Um—yes. But I can't seem to enthuse over your snippy Lieutenant. (BOB *upsets platter,* COL. ANNESLEY *and* MRS. CONWAY *rise abruptly*) Oh! (WORBURTON. *"Damn"*) James!

WORBURTON. (*Collecting pieces of tongue*) I beg pardon, Miss; merely a slip of the tongue.

BETTY. (*Going to table*) Take it away!

WORBURTON. Miss?

BETTY. Remove the tongue.

WORBURTON. Oh! (*Seizes platter in one hand, sticks tongue on fork with other, marches hastily to* L. 2 E.)

COL. ANNESLEY. James bring me the cigars from the dining-room.

WORBURTON. (*Resignedly; tongue on fork in one hand, platter in other*) The dining-room cigars; yes, sir. (*Exits* L. 2 E.)

COL. ANNESLEY. (*Taking chair up to* L. *of table up* R. C.) You should not be so severe with the poor fellow, Betty, he is out of his place to-night. (ANNESLEY *stands in window* R. 3. MRS. CONWAY *moves towards* C.)

HENDERSON. He merely made a slip of the tongue——

RALEIGH. That's all. It was my tongue he'd like to have sliced. (*Winks to* HENDERSON, *and sits by him on settee* L.)

BETTY. (*Down* R. *of table*) I'm glad you think it is so funny.

MRS. CONWAY. (*Above table* R. C.) Never mind, darling, considering where you picked him up——

BETTY. Ssh! Ssh!

RALEIGH. Where the deuce *did* you get the fellow, Betty?

MRS. CONWAY. Won him in a raffle—But tell us more about your Lieutenant. (*To big chair* L.) Yes, do.

KARLOFF. (*Sneering, rising and crossing to* L. *of table*) Do, my dear Colonel; he must be quite a little here.

BETTY. (*Warmly*) Don't you think you might cut the little out, Count Karloff?

KARLOFF. Certainly, if he is a friend of yours.

BETTY. He's not. But he is a soldier, and I love soldiers.

(RALEIGH *rises.*)

HENDERSON. (*Rises*) Somebody please wire Bob.

(KARLOFF *turns to* MRS. CONWAY *in large arm-chair and engages her in conversation.*)

BETTY. I didn't mean that!

RALEIGH. You would if you knew him, honey. (*Crossing* R. *to below table. Puts his arm about her*)

BETTY. I would *not!* I was thinking of you—and Dad—Daddy! (*Extends a hand to* ANNESLEY *who comes down* R. *of her*) And General Grant—and—and——

(WORBURTON *re-enters with box of cigars, stands* L. C.)

HENDERSON. And Tippacanoe and Tyler too.

BETTY. (*Vexed*) Well; not of your friend.

WORBURTON. Cigars, sir?

COL. ANNESLEY. (*Extreme* R.) Pass them to the gentlemen.

(WORBURTON *passes to gentlemen.* BOB *passes cigars first to* HENERSON *who rises to get match from mantel.* WORBURTON *bows, obeys with air of helpless exasperation. In passing cigars to* HENDERSON WORBURTON *covertly punches him, then absentmindedly holds out box to* MRS. CONWAY. *Discovers mistake. Goes up around large arm-chair, and gives* KARLOFF *cigar. Then down* C. *and slaps* RALEIGH *with box who looks about startled.* WORBURTON *goes up* C. *as* RALEIGH *passes cigars to* ANNESLEY *in front of table* R. C. RALEIGH *places cigars on table.*)

HENDERSON. By the bye; Miss Annesley, have you received the picture of Bob that Nancy mailed last night?

BETTY. No. She said she could not find it.

HENDERSON. This is an old one that she stole from her Aunt. (*With side glance at* WORBURTON) Strange that you have not received it.

BETTY. (*Lights alcohol cigar lamp at table* R. C.) I'll look into this at once. Tell Cora to bring in the mail, James. While you serve lunch. (BETTY *extends cigar lighter,* RALEIGH *and* ANNESLEY *both bend simultaneously to light cigars*)

WORBURTON. Cora serves mail. I serve punch. (*Sotto voce. Exits* L. 2 E.)

RALEIGH. "Punch," I hope it is your famous brew, Annesley.

COL. ANNESLEY. Yes, I made it in memory of

the good old days, when we used to drink it around the camp-fires.

(RALEIGH *crosses up above table* R. C. CORA *enters* L. 2.)

CORA. You wish me, Miss?

(KARLOFF *goes* L. *of* MRS. CONWAY.)

BETTY. Yes; bring me the mail. (*As* CORA *exits, putting chafing-dish on table up* R. *with* RALEIGH'S *help*) I am so vexed, I am dying to cook something.

(WORBURTON *re-enters with bowl of punch, gets* L. *of table, places it before* BETTY.)

HENDERSON. (L. *below divan*) Try a roast of some kind—I hear you are good at that, Miss Annesley?

(BETTY *begins to serve punch at table* R. C.)

BETTY. (*Laughing*) That is more in your line, isn't it? Give this to Mrs. Conway, James.

(WORBURTON *serves* MRS. CONWAY, *then* KARLOFF *and* HENDERSON, ANNESLEY *and* RALEIGH *take their glasses from* BETTY. WORBURTON *crosses to* L. 2 *and has bus. with* HENDERSON, *taking sly puffs on* HENDERSON *cigar. Drinking his punch, etc.*)

RALEIGH. Yes, we're all filled. (*Looking in empty glass*)

HENDERSON. Yes, we're all filled. (*Looking in empty glass*)

RALEIGH. (*Raising his glass*) Here's to one of

the most loyal Americans, that ever fought for the flag! (*As* ANNESLEY *hesitates*) No false modesty, I said " one of " not *the.*

(*All laugh, drink to* ANNESLEY.)

BETTY. (*Raising her glass*) Now then, here's to the bravest officer that ever held a totally empty prairie single handed against nothing at all. To Col. Raleigh!

(OMNES *drink as* CORA *enters* L. 2, *with mail on tray.*)

CORA. The——

WORBURTON. (*Checks her with hasty gesture, seizes tray from her hands, dexteriously slips the photograph over the edge underneath tray, holds it there as he presents the rest of the mail to* BETTY. HENDERSON *sees this business.* KARLOFF *strolls up* L. C. *to book to table*) The mail, Miss.

BETTY. (*Taking it disappointedly*) Is this all, Cora?

CORA. Yes, Miss; I gave James all. (*Exits.* MRS. CONWAY *joins* KARLOFF *up* L. C. *Is interested in book*)

HENDERSON. No picture?

BETTY. (*Tearing note open*) Only a note from Nancy. Pardon me. (*Reads eagerly*)

COL. ANNESLEY. (*Above and* R. *of table with* RALEIGH) James, those pistols from the wall.

(WORBURTON *crosses up and at back, has difficulty with fastening of pistols which keeps him by them.*)

BETTY. Nancy says she mailed " Bob's photo last night. It is very odd that it is not here.

RALEIGH. (*Crosses* L. *to fireplace to dispose of*

ashes) Nancy tells me that Bob returned on the same steamer with you, Betty.

(HENDERSON *crosses up to* WORBURTON, *at extreme back.*)

BETTY. I believe so; but as it happens, I did not see him.

RALEIGH. (L. C.) Didn't see him! (*Bursts out laughing*) By George! *Didn't see* Bob Worburton! I hope no one will ever tell him that!

MRS. CONWAY. Is he such a "look and die" hero? Colonel!

RALEIGH. A perfect Adonis! Horribly spoiled by silly women. His room is hung with trophies and locks of hair that he calls his "scalps."

BETTY. (*Instantly indignant*) His scalps!

RALEIGH. Yes; or "a hair of the dog that bit him."

BETTY. How manly!

MRS. CONWAY. And Betty did not even see him!

RALEIGH. I can't understand it. Bob's a rapid fire flirt, don't you know—knocks 'em off at the rate of a girl a minute.

BETTY. And boasts of his conquests at the mess table.

RALEIGH. Oh, no; Bob never boasts; but sometimes he lets the truth leak out, if it is funny enough.

(WORBURTON, *in exasperated attempt to get pistols from wall, drops tray and photo,* HENDERSON *instantly seizes the photo, pockets it calmly with a wink to* WORBURTON *who stoops to recover tray.* HENDERSON *drops down* R. *of table.*)

BETTY. Funny! (*Darts angry glance at* WORBURTON *in time to see the business with the photo*) He needs a lesson!

(WORBURTON *gives pistols* R. *to* HENDERSON.)

MRS. CONWAY. He needs—to meet *you.* But really, I must retire, my dear! Look at the clock. Good-night, Colonel, a *most charming,* evening. Good-night all!

(*Business of salutations during which* HENDERSON *goes up* L. C. *then down* L. C.)

BETTY. I am coming up with you, dear, if the gentlemen will excuse me? (*Exits* L. 3 *with* MRS. CONWAY)

RALEIGH. Is it too late to look over your *collection* of arms, Annesley?

COL. ANNESLEY. Not at all. Count Karloff, they will interest you, I think. (*Leading way off* R. 2) Do you care for such things, Mr. Henderson?

HENDERSON. (*Crossing down* L.) Deeply interested, I assure you. (ANNESLEY, KARLOFF *and* RALEIGH *exit* R. 2, *leaving* HENDERSON *by fireplace.* WORBURTON *at window*) You may go, James

WORBURTON. (*Crossing quickly to him*) Give me that confounded picture!

HENDERSON. (*Half struggling with* WORBURTON) It is a penal offense to tamper with the U. S. mail, James. (*Pulls picture half out of his pocket*) I'd like to see it myself—(*Glances at it*) But no, it is sealed. (*Drops it back in pocket*) We mustn't go up against the law, my boy.

WORBURTON. Hang your chaff! You and Raleigh have had fun enough at my expense for one evening, now I'll have that picture

HENDERSON. It won't tell her anything that she doesn't know. (*Crosses* R. C.)

WORBURTON. (*Following*) What does she *know!* Nothing, absolutely nothing. She can only guess until I am ready to tell her. Hand it over, Charlie.

HENDERSON. My dear boy, she saw me take it, and she's going to ask for it the moment she gets back.

WORBURTON. And you intend to let her have it.

HENDERSON. Of course—now keep your temper —Say, how about that scalp story? (*Movement*)

WORBURTON. There are no scalps—There never were any scalps! George! (*Pacing about*) "A hair of the dog that bit me! And Raleigh knows that if any dog—I mean girl, dared to offer me a lock of her hair, I'd—I'd——

HENDERSON. Was there a snow storm?

WORBURTON. Yes; but as she said, a St. Bernard dog would have done as well as a *snippy Lieutenant!*

HENDERSON. Now say; Bob, I must give her this picture. It's U. S. Mail and sealed.

WORBUBTON. All right; give it to her, but wait till I get out of the room!

BETTY. (*Off*) Good-night, dear!

HENDERSON. Ssh! Ssh!

(WORBURTON *rushes to table, makes business with glasses and tray, as* BETTY *re-enters* L. 3.)

BETTY. Where are the others?

HENDERSON. Looking at Col. Annesley's collection of arms. I waited to give you this—(*Handing her picture up* L. C.) I bribed James to steal it for me just to keep up the excitement.

BETTY. (*Opening cover, eagerly crosses down* R. *of table*) I thought so. But no matter. I shall see the irresistible Bob at last. (*To* WORBURTON *who takes up tray, starts to door—is blocked by* HENDERSON) You have forgotten half the things, James. Please go back and clear the table

(WORBURTON *returns to table, sulky and confused; piles glasses into Toddy bowl, adds a magazine, and a candlestick quite unconscious of everything but* BETTY *and the picture.*)

BETTY. (*With mischievous glance at* WORBURTON) Now we shall see "Bob" without a beard. "Bob." the professional lady killer, smirking—(*As* WORBURTON *crashes the glass*) Oh, James, *please!* That is my best glass! (*Tossing paper to floor, reads from back of photo*) The only picture I could find of Bob without a beard. (*Turns it over, exclaims*) Oh! (*Stares at it absolutely transfixed. Turns to* WORBURTON *who braces himself, then to* HENDERSON, *who is convulsed with silent laughter*) It is the picture of a bald-headed *baby!*

HENDERSON. (*Bursts out laughing.* WORBURTON *joins in, seizes tray, rushes out* L. I *still laughing*) Yes; Bob without a beard.

BETTY. (*Crosses* L. *excitedly*) You knew this all the while, Mr. Henderson! Kept me in suspense, tantalized me, and all the time, you and—and that man were laughing at me.

HENDERSON. James had nothing to do with it. Nancy thought you would be awfully amused.

BETTY. (*Crosses* R.) I am. Tell Nancy I am glad to have seen her brother at his most interesting age——

HENDERSON. You'd not say that if you could meet Bob now.

BETTY. (*Crosses* L. U.) I doubt if I should lay my heart on his shrine, or add my scalp to his wigwam! If there is anything despicable it is a regimental flirt, bragging of his conquests.

HENDERSON. Raleigh is mistaken about that. I never heard Bob boast. He really is the best of fellows, Miss Annesley. It will break Nancy's heart if you don't like him.

BETTY. (*Coming down* L. C.) And it will break my heart if I do—so you had best keep him in Canada—if he is there; is he?

HENDERSON. (R. C.) Yes—er—Canada. Well; it is too late to argue, so I'll leave my adieux for the

Colonel, and drag my mangled remains home. Good-night!

BETTY. (*Shaking hands*) Good-night! I am not angry at you, Mr. Henderson. (*Turns back to* C. *as Henderson exits* R. 2, *eyes picture*) It is Bob Worburton. I knew it! The whole thing is a joke between him and Henderson and the Colonel. (*Wrathfully,* L. *of table*) It's a good-looking baby, too! A dear baby; even if he has no hair—*Hair!* (*Throws picture down angrily. Crosses to* C. *then up to table* R. U.) "A hair of the dog that bit him!" Oh! he has talked about me to Henderson, and I am supposed to be the latest victim to his devastating charms. Oh, well, it is all my own fault! But he'll have no scalp to show, *no joke!*—(*Striking gong on table* R. U.) to tell, this time. (*Goes to fire, stands looking into it*) I don't see what on earth men were made for, they're nothing but delusions, and snares, and—and—disappointment.

WORBURTON. (*Enter* L. 2, *smiling, then serious*) You rang, Miss?

BETTY. (*Moves* R. *to* C., *frigidly*) Yes, I have a few words to say to you—I—I simply cannot endure any further impertinence. For a man—a servant—to laugh as you laughed just now at me is unpardonable.

WORBURTON. (L. C.) Quite so, but my sense of humor is irrepressible, Miss, and your expression was truly very funny—when you saw the baldheaded baby I thought it was the funniest thing. (*Break off*)

BETTY. We will not discuss that. The whole experiment has been a mistake—one long series of impertinences, culminating in this insult to-night.

WORBURTON. Insult!

BETTY. Your presence in this house is an insult.

WORBURTON. You are responsible for that, Miss

Annesley. I did not ask the position; you forced me into it, if you remember.

BETTY. I admit it. I yielded to—to——

WORBURTON. To a charitable impulse.

BETTY. No, sir! To a sense of humor as senseless as your own. It struck me that it would be supremely funny to keep you in the ridiculous position that I found you in, and it has been; but like all jokes, it palls. I am tired of it; tired of you—I want you to go at once—to-night.

WORBURTON. To-night—(*With hesitation*) It is very late——

BETTY. (*Impetuously*) That makes no difference; you must go.

WORBURTON. Pardon me, but I must ask to remain until morning. There's rather a serious reason——

BETTY. (*Interrupting*) Very well, stay. (*Crosses* R. C.) But understand distinctly it is not necessary for us to meet again.

WORBURTON. You need not be afraid, even a fool can weary of insults—yes; insults, I speak as a man; not as the groom, and to the man you are unfair, unjust.

BETTY. (*Below table* R. C. *Shrugging her shoulders*) Think so?

WORBURTON. (*Above table,* L. *of it*) I do, indeed But I'll not make myself more ridiculous by explaining the motive that made me willing to play the part of your servant. The only apology I can offer is that I thought you understood it. I think so still. (Good-bye! (*Exit quickly* R. 3 E.)

BETTY. (*Defiantly*) I don't care—(*Crosses to fireplace—with half sob*) I do not! (*Murmur of voices off, she hastily stoops to arrange fire, and dry her eyes as* RALEIGH, ANNESLEY *and* KARLOFF *re-enter* R. C. ANNESLEY *and* KARLOFF *move up* R. *of table*)

RALEIGH. (*Crosses to* L.) Good-night, Betty,

dear. (*Puts his arm around her as she rises,* L. C., *walks down with her*) Had the jolliest sort of an evening. But I want to retract something.

BETTY. What is it, Colonel?

RALEIGH. You know all that bosh I told you about Worburton and his scalps?

BETTY. Yes.

RALEIGH. Lies, every one of 'em.

BETTY. Lies! And I! Oh, Col. Raleigh, you've made horrible mischief.

RALEIGH. I'm undoing it. It was only a joke. I'll tell you my reasons later. Meantime, good-night! (*Crosses* R. *Bowing*) Good-night, Count Karloff!

KARLOFF. Good-night, Colonel Raleigh!

COL. ANNESLEY. (*Joining* RALEIGH, *coming down* R. *of table* R. C.) We must settle on an evening for next week. You'll excuse me, Count Karloff. (*They exit* R. 2. BETTY *is about to exit* L. 3, *at steps*)

KARLOFF. (*Detaining her up* R.) Mademoiselle, I asked your father to allow us this moment together. I have a favor to beg.

BETTY. (*With forced gaiety*) Not to-night, Count, please. I am a bit tired and more than a bit cross.

KARLOFF. I must have my answer to-night, Mademoiselle. It is the old, old question. I love you—I want you to be my wife——

BETTY. Oh!

KARLOFF. I am on the threshold of rendering a great service to my Czar, in return he is to make me his Ambassador to this country, and distinguish me by his royal favor. All that I am, or may be, is at your feet—my life, my happiness hangs upon your word.

BETTY. (*Dropping down* L. *by fire*) I—I appreciate the honor of your offer, Count Karloff; but a woman cannot reason herself into love—nor

out of it. It comes—we do not understand it—we cannot resist it, or stifle it, we can only follow our hearts.

KARLOFF. (*Intensely*) There is another man.

BETTY. No.

KARLOFF. There is—a woman speaks so only when she loves.

BETTY. (*Haughtily*) You have no right to take this tone with me, Count. There has never been any talk of love between us.

KARLOFF. (*Going toward her*) There was no need. I have been your slave, your shadow—I have given you the most ardent and devoted love that man may feel. You have known this—you cannot deny it.

BETTY. You distress me terribly. I—well, I did understand; but I did not mean to let you speak.

KARLOFF. You declare that you do not love me, that you have been coquetting! Answer!

BETTY. (*Coldly*) I have answered. I do not love you.

KARLOFF. (*After pause*) I do not accept this as final. I will not. No, no, Mademoiselle.

(ANNESLEY *re-enters* R. 2.)

BETTY. My father!

COL. ANNESLEY. I am at your service now, Karloff. Give us some music, Betty, I have a little business with the Count. (*she goes up* L.)

BETTY. (*Hesitating*) It is too late, Dad—and you look so tired.

KARLOFF. (*Following her* L. *Suavely*) We can settle our affair in ten minutes, Mademoiselle. BETTY *inclines her head and exits up* L. 3. *As* BETTY *exits. The men stand inactive, neither looking at the other.* KARLOFF *finally with a movement deprecatory and indicative of his disgust for the matter in hand*) Let us terminate this as quickly as possible.

ANNESLEY. (*Going to electric switch* R. *Quavering*) Yes, let us have done with it before I lose my courage.

(*Starts violin. Lower out whites in foots and chandelier.* KARLOFF *stands moodily watching* ANNESLEY *who goes to desk, unlocks it, takes out packet of plans, returns to table, lays them down with sigh.* KARLOFF *on opposite side of table produces wallet with bank-notes, tosses them on table.* KARLOFF'S *hands tremble. Both men are deeply moved. There is another dead pause—the two men gazing intently at one another.*)

(*Finally, very quietly*) I believe that is all.

KARLOFF. (*Huskily*) It is not to late. I have touched them.

COL. ANNESLEY. (*With savage irony*) It is too late to moralize.

KARLOFF. (*Hesitating*) Col. Annesley I love your daughter. Promise that she shall be my wife and I will notify the Czar that I have failed.

COL. ANNESLEY. Sacrifice your cause for her.

KARLOFF. It would mean disgrace, exile; but for the sake of your daughter, I would find it no sacrifice.

COL. ANNESLEY. (*With sudden burst of anger*) I begin to understand you have been working (*At work stop music*) for this from the first. Imposed on me till you think I dare not refuse you anything, and then demand my daughter as the price of silence.

KARLOFF. Colonel Annesley! (*Quietly and intensely*) Colonel Annesley, you will remember I had not met your daughter when I made my proposition at Monte Carlo. You were a free agent when you sold me these plans of America's fortifications for the Czar. I have acted as any honorable gentleman might.

COL. ANNESLEY. (*Below table* R. C.) Honorable, *you?* You are a rascal!

KARLOFF. Yes; I am. There is in every man the making and the capacity of a great rascal. Time and opportunity alone are needed. Well, I am going to prove myself a great rascal with a great motive. What is Russia to me? Nothing. What is your dishonor or my own? Less than nothing. There is only one thing and that is my love for your daughter. I have tried to win her as an honorable man tries to win the woman he loves; but now she must be won by rascality. (*Takes up plans from table.* BETTY *appears in doorway* L. 3, *and withdraws almost immediately*)

COL. ANNESLEY. (*Action*) Give them back to me!

KARLOFF. Your pardon, you forget your note of hand. It would distress me greatly to place these plans with your Secretary of War. (*Putting plans in his pocket*) And take the press into my confidence.

COL. ANNESLEY. Publish it ?

KARLOFF. Unless I hear from you in the meantime favorably. Colonel, your very plain spoken newspapers will answer you, Monday morning.

COL. ANNESLEY. (*Rising voice*) You are trading on my infirmity—my guilt—if I were a younger man—(*Breaks off abruptly, perceiving* BETTY—*her eyes fixed on* KARLOFF)

KARLOFF. The remedy is in your hands—(*Attracted by* ANNESLEY'S *expression, turns to see* BETTY. *Wincing as if struck—makes quick step toward her up* C.) Mademoiselle!

BETTY. (*Coming down* C. *Appealing to* ANNESLEY) What does it mean, Father—(ANNESLEY *crosses* L. *and sinks in chair before fire*) Tell me!

COL. ANNESLEY. (*His head buried in his hands*) Misery, ruin, disgrace!

BETTY. (*Below table* R. C., *back to audience*) I must know, Count Karloff. Tell me!

KARLOFF. (*Up* L. C. *His rage getting the better of him*) It means that your father gambled away your fortune as well as his own, at Monte Carlo, and to recoup himself has sold Russia the plans of the American fortifications.

BETTY. Father, is this true?

KARLOFF. (*After a pause*) It is true. You drew the plans yourself from his sketches.

BETTY. The plans! But these were inventions—He told me so—They were to make him rich, famous; he said so!

KARLOFF. He could not tell you the truth, Mad'moiselle! (*Drops down* R. *of table* R. C.)

BETTY. (*Going to* ANNESLEY, *impetuously*) Tell him he lies, father—tell him he lies!

COL. ANNESLEY. It is as he says—I dared not tell you at Monte Carlo. He made his offer there—It seemed the only way—I thought you would never know. I was half mad.

BETTY. And sacrificed your honor for money. Why I would have done anything, Dad; anything to save you all this suffering and disgrace.

KARLOFF. Is it not too late for that, Mademoiselle.

BETTY. Oh, yes, I know, I heard. I quite realize that we are helpless, and that I have no choice——

COL. ANNESLEY. Betty!

BETTY. (*Checking him. To* KARLOFF) I am a proud woman—yet will I beg you not to—force me into this alliance—you are not wholly without pity—you will relent.

KARLOFF. No, no.

BETTY. And I trusted you as a gentleman, as a man of honor. Shame, shame! Do you think I am a faint-hearted girl? No, I am a woman with a woman's mind, and a thousand years will not alter my contempt for you. You have weighed the con-

sequences? (*He bows his head slightly in affirmation*) So be it then!

ANNESLEY. (*Rising*) I'll not permit this sacrifice!

BETTY. (*Quietly*) I could not bear to see you disgraced, Dad dear! And you have no defense to offer. There's nothing but pity and love for you in my heart.

KARLOFF. (*Drawing plans from his pocket*) I am to destroy these proofs, then, Mad'moiselle?

BETTY. Oh, Count Karloff, release him from this shameful condition?

(WORBURTON *enters quickly from the open window behind.* KARLOFF *goes up to him unperceived.*)

KARLOFF. I can accept no other condition, Mad'moiselle—Oh! (*Starts as* WORBURTON *suddenly grasps his right wrist from behind. Tries to transfer plans to his other hand.* WORBURTON *defeats this move by thrusting his elbow up, simultaneously turning* KARLOFF *to* R. WORBURTON *forcing* KARLOFF'S *fingers open, seizes the packet, puts it on salver and presents it to* BETTY. *Turns, puts wallet on salver and presents it to* KARLOFF, *who rushes at him breathlessly.* KARLOFF *holding* R. *arm which pains—after pause*) *Lackey!*

WORBURTON. Shall we consider the case closed, Count Karloff?

KARLOFF. Ah, I see! You are a Secret Service man.

WORBURTON. (*Crosses* L. *to door*) No, sir; I am merely Miss Annesley's servant, waiting her orders to throw—to show you the door.

KARLOFF. (*Recovering his coolness*) Col. Annesley, your note for twenty thousand dollars falls due on Monday. I trust for Miss Annesley's sake that you are prepared to meet it. (*Bows and exits* R. 2)

BETTY. (*With eloquent look at* WORBURTON) Now, Dad, thank this—this very good friend for his services.

COL. ANNESLEY. (*Crossing* R., *shaking hands with* WORBURTON) You have laid me under obligations, sir. Played the man, while I—(*Staggers slightly*) It was the—the miserable money——

WORBURTON. (R. *of table*) I would not worry about that, now, Colonel Annesley—after a night's rest, you'll find a dozen ways of meeting it.

BETTY. Surely. (*Going up* L. *to steps*) We'll have no more discussions to-night. Come, dearest—

WORBURTON. (*As* ANNESLEY *goes up steps* L. U. E. *Moving up* R.) Good-night, Colonel, and courage! The battle is half won.

BETTY. (*Turning as* COL. *exits*) Wait for me here, please.

WORBURTON. Certainly, etc. (BETTY *exits* L. U. E. *Looking after them sympathetically*) The old man is badly shaken. (*Pacing up and down*) Twenty thousand dollars to raise by Monday, or Karloff is going to make them sell their home. (*Shakes his head*) I don't see that. (*Hesitates, then goes quickly to telephone left of window*) I'll take a hand in this. (*Work up one row whites gradually in foots so they are full at curtain. Calling up*) Hello, Central, give me Washington 1241 N. W. (*Listens*) She doesn't know anything about business. I'll bluff her! (*To telephone*) Yes, I'm waiting! (*Pause. To telephone*) Oh, hello, Charlie! This is Bob! Bob Worburton. Yes, I'm still washing dishes at Chevy Chase. (*Listens, then to telephone*) What? Who's talking? Oh—(*With sudden exasperation*) Get off this wire, I'm not your birdie! Central keep this wire clear! Hello! Charlie! I want you to be at your rooms to-morrow morning at nine. There's an important money transaction I want you to carry through for me. (*Listens*) Why not do it my-

self. Because I don't wish my name to appear in the matter. (*Listens*) I'll explain fully to-morrow. (BETTY *enters* L. U. E., *goes to fire, stands waiting*) You'll be there? All right. Good-bye. (*Rings off, turns, perceives* BETTY, *starts guiltily*)

BETTY. I've just come, don't look so frightened. I didn't hear anything.

WORBURTON. I was telephon-ing on your business, er—Miss—(*Moving to her*) Fact is, I'm awfully concerned. The poor old Colonel mustn't be turned out of his home, you know. It would kill him; you see that of course. (*Stops embarrassed*) I was talking to a fellow who has a stack of money—a legacy absolutely wasting in a bank. He's pretty disgusted about that money—it isn't drawing any interest, don't you know. A fellow ought to have interest on his money, you see that. So, as a hard-fisted, skin-flint business proposition, I called him up to ask how he'd like to buy the Colonel's note, and extend it for a—a term of years.

BETTY. Years!

WORBURTON. The Colonel would pay interest, don't you see; that's what caught my friend's fancy, *interest;* so he accepted like a shot, so it's all settled.

BETTY. Is—Is the fellow's name Bob? It sounds very like Bob Worburton to buy a bad note for a term of years—(*Breaks off with laugh that is half sob*) He's so—so impulsive.

WORBURTON. You mustn't think——

BETTY. I know, Mr. Worburton—have known in a way all along, but to-night made me sure that you were Nancy's brother. And now I am simply overwhelmed to remember how mean I have been to you. I hope you'll forgive me.

WORBURTON. If you'll take the money. (*Impetuously*) You've got to take it. I'm going back into the service—what's the use of money on the Plains—What earthly use is it anywhere except to make trouble for the fellow who hasn't any. Your

father needs it, and I'd pay twice as much to save him!

BETTY. I understand the generous impulses which prompts you, but don't you see how impossible it is for us to accept money from you?

WORBURTON. Won't you—won't you let it remain as I have planned? I have never done anything worth while before, and just the anticipation of it has made me happy. No one need ever know. Won't you let me do it?

BETTY. We could not. No.

WORBURTON. (*Pauses, disappointed then turning to go. Abruptly*) Good-bye!

BETTY. Where are you going?

WORBURTON. West.

BETTY. To stay?

WORBURTON. Yes. I've made a horrible mess of everything East, played the idiot, and been licked all around, so I'm going back to the Indians! I can lick *them.*

BETTY. Oh, you mustn't go. There is so much to be explained. *Why* have you done all this? *Why* have you submitted to all the humiliations I have contrived and then repaid them so generously?

WORBURTON. (*Coming down* L. C.) Haven't you guessed. Why, because I wanted to be near you, to be what you have made me, your servant. I ask nothing—I expect nothing, but I have done it all because I love you. I know it is hopeless. What woman could love a man who has made himself ridiculous in her eyes?

BETTY. Never—ridiculous. I—and you would have gone away without telling me?

WORBURTON. Yes.

BETTY. Why? Is it because—(*With spirit*)—my father has committed a crime?

WORBURTON. Please don't believe that!

BETTY. What *am* I to believe? (*Starts. Music for curtain*) Do you know what a woman loves in

a man? Courage, constancy, honor. She loves pursuit. She loves the hour of surrender. Every woman builds a castle of romance and waits for Prince Charming to enter. I have built my castle, and I wait. (*Pause*) Will you not ask me if I love you?

WORBURTON. (*Starting forward then checking himself*) Are you meeting generosity with generosity? I don't want that. I want your love. Can you give it to me—honestly? (BETTY *takes the faded rose from the bosom of her dress, and turning her face away extends it on her upturned palm to* WORBURTON. *He moves to her impulsively and grasps her hand and the rose in both his hands*) Can you give what I ask? Can you?

BETTY. Can I give what is—already given?

(*He takes her into his arms as the curtain falls.*)

CURTAIN.

(*On embrace.*)

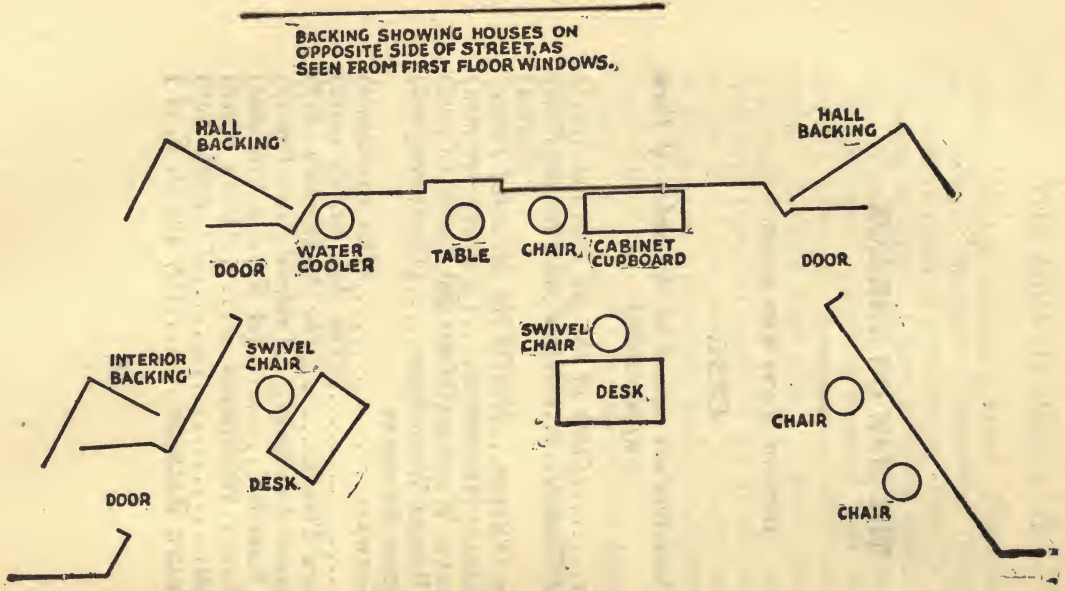
THE MAN ON THE BOX.

GROUND PLANS AND PLOTS.

CAST.

(The characters are named in the order of their appearance.)

MARTIN.....(*Clerk of the* 3rd *Precinct Court*)
OFFICER CASSIDY.....(*Of the* 3rd *Precinct Police Station*)
OFFICER O'BRIEN.....(*Of the Mounted Police*)
MR. CHARLES HENDERSON....(*A newspaper man*)
MAGISTRATE WATTS..(*Of the* 3rd *Precinct Court*)
LIEUT. ROBERT WORBURTON.....(*Lately resigned*)
MISS BETTY ANNESLEY
MRS. CONWAY.....(*Her confidante*)
CORA.....(*The* ANNESLEY'S *maid*)
MONSIEUR PIERRE.....(*The* ANNESLEY'S *chef*)
COL. GEORGE ANNESLEY..(*A retired Army Officer*)
COUNT KARLOFF.....(*A Russian Diplomat*)
MISS NANCY WORBURTON.....(BOB'S *sister*)
WILLIAM.....(*A stable boy*)
COL. FRANK RALEIGH.....(*Of the U. S. A.*)



THE MAN ON THE BOX. ACT 1.

PRIVATE ROOM OF JUDGE WATTS IN A WASHINGTON, D.C. POLICE STATION. (LATE SPRING--MORNING)

THE MAN ON THE BOX.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.

ACT I. JUDGE WATTS' private examination room in the 3rd Precinct of Washington, D. C. (A Spring morning.)

ACT II. The "Snuggery" of COL. ANNESLEY'S home at Chevy Chase—a suburb of Washington. (A month later. Afternoon.)

ACT III. The "Snuggery." (The same night.)

PROPERTY PLOT.

PLACE:—*Washington, D. C.* PERIOD:—*The present.*

ACT I.

(Private room of Police Magistrate in Police Station.)

Ground cloth.
Roller-shade at window R. C.
Large cabinet (cupboard) up L. C.
Flat-top desk L. C.
Flat-top desk R.
Swivel-chair back of desk L. C.
Swivel-chair R. of desk R.
Chair under window R. C.
Two chairs against wall L.
Water-cooler and glass on stand up R. corner, with water to drink.
Table R. of cabinet.
Map of Washington, D. C. on wall L.
Waste-jar under water-cooler up R.
Office clock on wall R.
Waste-basket under desk R.
Waste-basket under *desk* L. C.

ON CABINET L. C.—
Letter files.

ON DESK L. C.—
Large inkstand. Pens. Pencil. Blotter. Notepad. Official paper and envelopes. Letters, documents, etc. Law books. Desk telephone, practical. (Electrician.) Desk lamp. Newspaper. Washington, D. C., telephone directory.

ON DESK R.—
Large inkstand. Pens. Pencil. Blotter. Notepad. Letters, documents, etc. Law books. Small black book, for bible. Two account-books. Pa[illegible]

of receipts. Desk lamp. Newspaper. Pile of documents for MARTIN.

SIDE.—

R. U. E.—Table, chair and mirror in temporary dressing room.

HAND.—

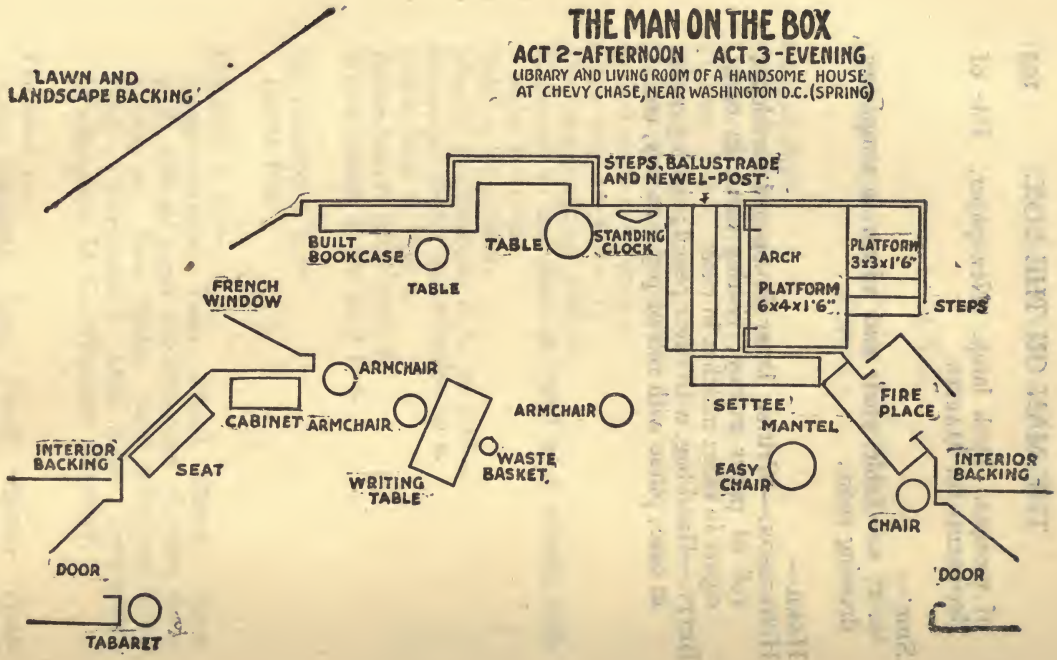
HENDERSON.—Written letter in opened envelope; roll of paper money; visiting cards in case; cigars in case; matches in case.

BETTY.—Hand-bag, with silver pencil; visiting cards in case; purse with roll of paper money, etc.

THE MAN ON THE BOX

ACT 2-AFTERNOON ACT 3-EVENING

LIBRARY AND LIVING ROOM OF A HANDSOME HOUSE AT CHEVY CHASE, NEAR WASHINGTON D.C. (SPRING)



ACT II.

(*Library and living room.*)

Ground cloth. Small medallion. Rugs.
Carpet on steps and platform L.
Fur rug at fireplace.
Grass mats back of window R.
Portieres at French window R.
Portieres at arch L.
Portieres at door down R.
Portieres at door down L.
Lace curtains at French window R.
Hooded mantel (with over-mantel) and fireplace L. 2.
Built bookcase up C. and R. C.
Cup-shelf over bookcase.
Cup-shelf over door down R.
Cup-shelf over door down L.
Tall standing clock at foot of steps L.
Cabinet-desk (with lock and key to flap) against jog R.
Writing table C. R.
Waste-paper basket front of writing table.
Table up C. at L. end of bookcase.
Small table up R. C. front of bookcase.
Tabaret below door down R.
Settee below steps and jog L.
Low seat above door R.
Armchair R. of writing table.
Armchair below window R.
Armchair L. C.
Large easy-chair L. at fireplace.
Chair below fireplace.
Pair of pistols on wall R. C. (to be removed.)
Odd and antique weapons on walls.

Small pieces of paper on floor front of writing table.
Small ball of paper on floor down L.
Ten pictures (large and small) several of which are golf, fox-hunting and shooting scenes, etc., on walls.
Fox-skin, with head, on jog L.

AT FIREPLACE L.—
Andirons, fender. Gas-log.

ON MANTEL.—
Framed mirror. Two or three framed photos. Antique lantern. Ornaments. Ash tray. Matches in stand.

ON OVER-MANTEL.—
Several pieces of Art copper or brass.

ON HOOD.—
Two crossed U. S. Cavalry swords, tied with Officer's sash.

ON CUP-SHELVES OVER BOOKCASE AND OVER DOORS R. AND L.—
Pieces of odd pottery, Art copper, Pewter mugs. Iron and brass candle-sticks, etc., etc.

ON BOOKCASE.—
Candelabrum. Two art-jars. Several photos of U. S. Army Officers. Loving cup. Two small brass bowls, etc. Books on shelves and one on top.

ON SMALL TABLE UP R. C.—
Vase with flowers. Humidor with cigars. Magazines. Books. Chinese gong and striker.

ON TABLE UP C. L.—
Large red book (Veterinary Surgeon's manual)

with plan on tracing cloth (supposed to be a plan of Fortress Monroe.) Set of drawing-instruments, angles, etc.

ON TABARET DOWN R.—
Palm in bowl.
ON SETTEE L. AND SEAT R.—
Sofa pillows.

ON CABINET R.—
Vase with flowers. Framed photos. Washington, D. C., telephone and directory.

IN CABINET.—
Writing materials. Packages of documents, letters, etc., etc. Package of tracings (plans and maps.)

ON WRITING TABLE C. R.—
Scarf. Fancy desk set. Note paper and envelopes in rack. Ornamental brass candle-stick. Ash tray. Vase with flowers.
SIDE.—
R. 1 E.—Silver salver, 1 visiting card. (CORA)
L. U. E.—Piano and stool. Chair for violinist. Two photos of BETTY. (NANCY) Rose; small roll of paper money. (BETTY)
L. 1 E.—Tray, with doily; pot of hot tea; 3 teacups, saucers and spoons; sugar and tongs in bowl; milk in pitcher; plate of small cakes. (CORA) Teacup, saucer and spoon. (CORA) Small tray, with doily and mint julep. (CORA)

HAND.—
PIERRE.—Large rose for button-hole.
CORA.—Dust cloth.
HENDERSON.—Note-book and pencil.

ACT III.

(*Same set as* ACT II.)

Armchair L. C. is closer to table C. R.
Easy-chair L. is L. C., R. of settee.
Waste-basket, OFF.

IN CABINET.—
Packet of plans, including the one which was in book in ACT II.

ON TABLE C. R.—(ACT II. ARTICLES OFF.)
Large white scarf or cloth. Six plates. Box of paprika. Salt and pepper shakers. Small decanter with dummy wine. Six napkins. Six knives and forks. Plate of small biscuit. Tray with four small plates and small platter (for BOB.) Small recipe book. Chafing-dish, fork, and spoon. Smoked tongue (to be carved) on platter with carving knife and fork. Two tumblers. Candlestick.

ON TABLE UP R. C.—(in addition to ACT II articles.)
Cigarettes and matches in stands. Ash tray. Alcohol cigar-lighter, to be lighted during Act. (The humidor is in L. 1 E. for BOB.)

SIDE.—
L. U. E.—Piano and stool.
L. 1 E.—Handsome chafing-dish and tray; box of dry mustard; bottle of Worcestershire sauce; humidor with cigars; bowl of punch on tray with ladle and six punch glasses. (BOB.)

Written letter in square envelope; newspaper, wrapped; old-fashioned cabinet photo of a baby,

wrapped. (All stamped and addressed) on silver salver. (CORA)

HAND.—
HENDERSON.—Cigarette.
KARLOFF.—Wallet, with package of paper money. (Bills of large denomination.)
BETTY.—Rose used in ACT II.

LIGHT PLOT.

ACT I.

Single gas-bracket, with globe, C., R. and L. (not practical.)
Desk-light (electric on desk R. and L. C. (not practical.)
Telephone (practical) on desk L. C., with connection of stage (to work at cues from stage manager.)
Box, amber, R. U. E.
Bunch R. U. E. and L. U. E.
Strip over door R. 1 E., R. 2 E. and L. 2 E.
Foots and ceiling border full up.

ACT II.

Bunch, amber, back of stained glass window L. C.
Box, amber, R. 3 E.
Bunch above and below window R.
Strip over door R. 1 E., L. 1 E. and L. 2 E.
Gas-log (not practical) in fireplace L.
Lamp, with shade, on bookcase up C. (Not lighted this Act.)
Lamp, with shade, on cabinet R. (Not lighted this Act.)
Electrolier, made of an elk's antlers, with lamps at each tip, C. (Not lighted this Act.)

Desk-phone on cabinet R. (Not practical.)
Push-button switch below window R.
Bell-button on jog below window R.
Foots and ceiling border full up.

ACT III.

(*Same as* ACT II.)

Box and bunches blue.
Both lamps lighted.

AT RISE.—
Foots and ceiling border ½ up
—— you hear the story. (HENDERSON)
READY.
—— may I not hear it. (BETTY)

(*As he pushes switch.*)

ELECTROLIER ON.
Foots and ceiling border up to ¾.
—— not mean to let you speak. (BETTY)
READY.
—— lose my courage. (COL. ANNESLEY)

(*As he poshes switch.*)

ELECTROLIER OFF.
Foots and ceiling border down to ½.

MUSIC CUES.

TACET.

ACT II.

—— not at all respectful. (BETTY)
SEND PIANIST AND VIOLINIST ON STAGE L.
—— idea of a handsome man? (NANCY)
READY.
—— julep for you sir? (CORA)
PIANO AND VIOLIN (medium lively selection), until
—— do you want to bet? (HENDERSON)
—— duel of wits between Betty and me. (WORBURTON)
PIANO AND VIOLIN (andante waltz) until.
—— to this hunt dinner, Saturday. (WORBURTON)

ACT III.

—— my mangled remains home. Good-night. (HENDERSON)
SEND PIANIST ON STAGE L.
—— have answered. I do not love you. (BETTY)
PIANO (plaintive selection) until.
—— you have been working—(COL. ANNESLEY)

DRESS PLOT.

PLACE:—*Washington, D. C.* PERIOD:—*The present.*

ACT I. Morning. Spring.
ACT II. Afternoon. One month later.
ACT III. Night. Two days later.
ROBERT WORBURTON.—(Age 30)

ACT I. 1—Handsome livery of private coachman. Frock coat, striped vest, white breeches, boots, white flat Ascot scarf, round collar, etc., etc. Silk hat, with cockade.

2—Light sack suit, hat.

ACT II. Whipcord livery of groom. Tan shoes, riding breeches, cutaway coat, vest. Collar and tie as in ACT I—1, button puttees of same cloth as suit.

ACT III. Blue or wine-colored full dress livery of dining-room footman. Swallow-tail coat with silver buttons, striped club-vest, trousers, wing-collar, white tie.

CHARLES HENDENSON.—(Age 28)

ACT I. Business suit, hat, etc.

ACT II. Afternoon suit, hat, cane, etc.

ACT III. Evening dress, trousers and vest, scarlet swallow-tail coat with brass buttons. (Hunt Club evening dress.)

COL. ANNESLEY.—(Age 65)

ACT II. Afternoon suit.

ACT III. Evening dress.

COL. RALEIGH.—(Age 55)

ACT III. Similar to HENDERSON in ACT III.

COUNT KARLOFF.—(Age 40)

ACT II. Afternoon suit.

ACT III. Similar to HENDERSON in ACT III.

MAGISTRATE WATTS.—(Age 60)

ACT I. Black frock coat and vest, striped trousers, etc.

ACT II. Light cutaway or frock suit.

PIERRE, a chef.—(Age 45)

Light trousers, white duck coat, long white apron, white cook's cap, handkerchief around neck.

MARTIN.—(Age 30)

Dark sack suit.

WILLIAM.—(Age 20)
Soft shirt, riding breeches, leather puttees (no coat, vest or hat.)
O'BRIEN.—(Age 30)
Uniform of Mounted Police. Black shoes, black leather puttees, badge, etc. (no hat.)
CASSIDY.—(Age 45)
Uniform of Police Patrolman, badge, etc. (no hat.)
BETTY ANNESLEY.—(Age 21)
ACT I. Handsome walking dress, hat, gloves, etc.
ACT II. Riding habit, (considerably disarranged at first entrance.)
ACT III. Handsome dinner gown.
MRS. CONWAY.—(Age 28)
ACT I. Handsome walking dress, hat, gloves, etc.
ACT II. Handsome afternoon dress, hat, gloves, etc.
ACT III. Handsome dinner gown.
NANCY WORBURTON.—(Age 20)
Handsome afternoon dress, hat, gloves, parasol, etc.
CORA.—(Age 24)
ACT II. Maid's light dress, apron, cap, etc.
ACT III. Maid's black dress, apron, cap, etc.

COSTUME PLOT.

PLACE:—*Washington, D. C.* PERIOD:—*The present.*
ROBERT WORBURTON.—(Age 30)
1—Coachman's livery. Frock coat, striped vest, white breeches, boots, silk hat with cockade.
2—Whipcord livery of groom. Riding

breeches, cutaway coat, vest. Button puttees of same cloth as suit.

3—Footman's livery. Blue or wine-colored full dress livery of dining-room footman. Swallow-tail coat with silver buttons, striped club-vest, trousers.

CHARLES HENDERSON.—(Age 28)
Scarlet full dress coat, with brass buttons. (Evening dress of Hunt Club.)

COLONEL RALEIGH.—(Age 55)
Same as HENDERSON.

COUNT KARLOFF.—(Age 40)
Same as HENDERSON.

O'BRIEN.—(Age 30)
Uniform of Mounted Police. Black leather puttees, badge, etc.

CASSIDY.—(Age 45)

THE TOUCH-DOWN.

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short. 8 males, 6 females, but any number of characters can be introduced in the ensembles. Costumes modern. One interior scene throughout the play. Time, 2½ hours.

This play, written for the use of clever amateurs, is the story of life in Siddell, a Pennsylvania co-educational college. It deals with the vicissitudes and final triumph of the Siddell Football Eleven, and the humorous and dramatic incidents connected therewith.

"The Touch-Down" has the true varsity atmosphere, college songs are sung, and the piece is lively and entertaining throughout. High schools will make no mistake in producing this play. We strongly recommend it as a high-class and well-written comedy. Price, 30 Cents.

HURRY, HURRY, HURRY.

A comedy in three acts, by LeRoy Arnold. 5 males, 4 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

The story is based on the will of an eccentric aunt. It stipulates that her pretty niece must be affianced before she is twenty-one, and married to her fiancé within a year, if she is to get her spinster relative's million. Father has nice notions of honor and fails to tell daughter about the will, so that she may make her choice untrammeled by any other consideration than that of true love. The action all takes place in the evening the midnight of which will see her reach twenty-one. Time is therefore short, and it is hurry, hurry, hurry, if she is to become engaged and thus save her father from impending bankruptcy.

The situations are intrinsically funny and the dialogue is sprightly. The characters are natural and unaffected and the action moves with a snap such as should be expected from its title. Price, 30 Cents.

THE VARSITY COACH.

A three-act play of college life, by Marion Short, specially adapted to performance by amateurs or high school students. 5 males, 6 females, but any number of boys and girls may be introduced in the action of the play. Two settings necessary, a college boy's room and the university campus. Time, about 2 hours.

Like many another college boy, "Bob" Selby, an all-round popular college man, becomes possessed of the idea that athletic prowess is more to be desired than scholarship. He is surprised in the midst of a "spread" in his room in Regatta week by a visit from his aunt who is putting him through college. Aunt Serena, "a lady of the old school and the dearest little woman in the whole world," has hastened to make this visit to her adored nephew under the mistaken impression that he is about to receive the Fellowes prize for scholarship. Her grief and chagrin when she learns that instead of the prize Robert has received "a pink card," which is equivalent to suspension for poor scholarship, gives a touch of pathos to an otherwise jolly comedy of college life. How the repentant Robert more than redeems himself, carries off honors at the last, and in the end wins Ruth, the faithful little sweetheart of the "Prom" and the classroom makes a story of dramatic interest and brings out very clearly certain phases of modern college life. There are several opportunities for the introduction of college songs and "stunts." Price, 30 Cents.

(The Above Are Subject to Royalty When Produced)

THE RETURN OF HI JINKS.

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short, author of "The Varsity Coach," "The Touch-Down," etc. 6 males, 8 females. Costumes modern. One interior scene.

This comedy is founded upon and elaborated from a farce comedy in two acts written by J. H. Horta, and originally produced at Tuft's College.

Hiram Poynter Jinks, a Junior in Hoosic College (Willie Collier type), and a young moving picture actress (Mary Pickford type), are the leading characters in this lively, modern farce.

Thomas Hodge, a Senior, envious of the popularity of Jinks, wishes to think up a scheme to throw ridicule upon him during a visit of the Hoosic Glee Club to Jinks's home town. Jinks has obligingly acted as a one-day substitute in a moving picture play, in which there is a fire scene, and this gives Hodge his cue. He sends what seems to be a bona fide account of Jinks's heroism at a Hoosic fire to Jinks's home paper. Instead of repudiating his laurels as expected, Jinks decides to take a flyer in fame, confirms the fake story, confesses to being a hero and is adored by all the girls, to the chagrin and discomfiture of Hodge. Of course, the truth comes out at last, but Jinks is not hurt thereby, and his romance with Mimi Mayflower comes to a successful termination.

This is a great comedy for amateurs. It is full of funny situations and is sure to please. Price, 30 Cents.

JUNE.

A most successful comedy-drama in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "The New Co-Ed," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Dorothy's Neighbors," etc. 4 males, 8 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

This play has a very interesting group of young people. June is an appealing little figure, an orphan living with her aunt. There are a number of delightful, life-like characters: the sorely tried, likeable Mrs. Hopkins, the amusing, haughty Miss Banks of the glove department, the lively Tilly and Milly, who work in the store, and ambitious Snoozer; Mrs. Hopkins's only son, who aspires to be President of the United States, but finds his real sphere is running the local trolley car. The play is simplicity itself in the telling of an every-day story, and the scenic requirements call for only one set, a room in the boarding house of Mrs. Hopkins, while an opportunity is afforded to introduce any number of extra characters. Musical numbers may be introduced, if desired. Price, 30 Cents.

TEMPEST AND SUNSHINE.

A comedy drama in four acts, by Marie Doran. 5 males and 3 females. One exterior and three interior scenes. Plays about 2 hours.

Every school girl has revelled in the sweet simplicity and gentleness of the characters interwoven in the charms that Mary J. Holmes commands in her story of "Tempest and Sunshine." We can strongly recommend this play as one of the best plays for high school production published in recent years.

Price, 30 Cents.

(The Above Are Subject to Royalty When Produced)

THE REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY.

The famous comedy in three acts, by Anne Warner. 7 males, 6 ales. Three interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

This is a genuinely funny comedy with splendid parts for "Aunt Mary," k," her lively nephew; "Lucinda," a New England ancient maid of all work; k's" three chums; the Girl "Jack" loves; "Joshua," Aunt Mary's hired , etc.
'Aunt Mary" was played by May Robson in New York and on tour for over years, and it is sure to be a big success wherever produced. We strongly mmend it.
Price, 60 Cents.

MRS. BUMSTEAD-LEIGH.

A pleasing comedy, in three acts, by Harry James Smith, author of ıe Tailor-Made Man." 6 males, 6 females. One interior scene. Cos- ıes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

Mr. Smith chose for his initial comedy the complications arising from the eavors of a social climber to land herself in the altitude peopled by hyphenated .es—a theme permitting innumerable complications, according to the spirit of writer.
This most successful comedy was toured for several seasons by Mrs. Fiske ı enormous success.
Price, 60 Cents.

MRS. TEMPLE'S TELEGRAM.

A most successful farce in three acts, by Frank Wyatt and William rris. 5 males, 4 females. One interior scene stands throughout the ee acts. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

"Mrs. Temple's Telegram" is a sprightly farce in which there is an abund- e of fun without any taint of impropriety or any element of offence. As ıced by Sir Walter Scott, "Oh, what a tangled web we weave when first we ctice to deceive!"
There is not a dull moment in the entire farce, and from the time the curtain s until it makes the final drop the fun is fast and furious. A very exceptional e.
Price, 60 Cents.

THE NEW CO-ED.

A comedy in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "Tempest and nshine," etc. Characters, 4 males, 7 females, though any number of ys and girls can be introduced in the action of the play. One interior d one exterior scene, but can be easily played in one interior scene. stumes modern. Time, about 2 hours.

The theme of this play is the coming of a new student to the college, her eption by the scholars, her trials and final triumph.
There are three especially good girls' parts, Letty, Madge and Estelle, but others have plenty to do. "Punch" Doolittle and George Washington Watts, gentleman of color, are two particularly good comedy characters. We can ongly recommend "The New Co-Ed" to high schools and amateurs.
Price, 30 Cents.

(The Above Are Subject to Royalty When Produced)

JUST PUBLISHED.

CHRISTOPHER JUNIOR

A Comedy in 4 Acts. By Madeleine Lucette Ryley. Modern costume. Time, 2½ hours. Three interior scenes; 8 males, 4 females. Christopher Jedbury, Jr., having accidentally placed himself in an unfortunate position with a lady in the West Indies, is forced to marry her without seeing her. He returns to England. His father finds out about the marriage, quarrels with him, and turns him out. Jedbury, Jr., goes to India as a clerk in his father's office, then discovers defalcations by the manager, and falls in love with Dora Hedway. He is reconciled to his father, and Dora turns out to be his wife. Highly recommended for amateurs.

Price, 60 Cents.

MICE AND MEN

A Romantic Comedy. Four Acts. By Madeleine Lucette Ryley. Costume about 1786. Time, 2 hours, 30 minutes. Three interiors, one exterior scene; 7 males, 5 females. Mark Embury, a man of over forty, is of opinion that the perfect wife must be educated from a state of ignorance and simplicity to the ideal of the man she is about to marry. He accordingly proceeds to impart his views to a girl fresh from the Foundling. His young nephew comes on the scene, and Embury realizes that nature intended the young to mate with the young. This beautiful costume comedy can be played by all females, and is highly recommended for use by girls' schools and colleges. This play was originally produced by Mr. Charles Frohman with Miss Annie Russell in the leading role.

Price, 60 Cents.

SNUG LITTLE KINGDOM

A Comedy in 3 Acts. By Mark Ambient. Modern costume. Time, 2¼ hours. One interior scene throughout; 3 males, 4 females. Bernard Gray, a composer of music, lives in a garret in Soho. Under his charge is a young girl in the ballet, whose mother had died when she was young. Hubert Gray, the brother of Bernard, rescues a wealthy old gentleman from an accident, the latter eventually turning out to be the girl's father.

Price, 60 Cents

JUST PUBLISHED

Nothing But the Truth

A Farcical Comedy in Three Acts

By

James Montgomery

Cast of Characters

Bob Bennett
B. M. Ralston
Clarence Van Dusen
Bishop Doran
Dick Donnelly
Gwen
Mrs. Ralston
Ethel
Mable
Sable
Martha

SCENES

ACT 1. A Broker's Office
ACT 2. Parlor of a Country Home
ACT 3. " " " "

TIME: The Present

"Nothing But the Truth" is built upon the simple idea of its hero speaking nothing but the absolute truth for a stated period. He bets a friend ten thousand dollars that he can do it, and boldly tackles truth to win the money. For a very short time the task is placidly easy, but Truth routs out old man Trouble and then things begin to happen. Trouble doesn't seem very large and aggressive when he first pokes his nose into the noble resolve of our hero, but he grows rapidly and soon we see our dealer in truth disrupting the domestic relations of his partner. In fact, Trouble works overtime, and reputations that have been unblemished are smirched. Situations that are absurd and complications almost knotted, pile up, all credited to Truth, and the result of the wager to foster and cherish that great virtue from the lips of the man who has espoused the cause of truth to win a wager.

It is a novel idea and so well has it been worked out that an audience is kept in throes of laughter at the seemingly impossible task to untangle snarls into which our hero has involved all those he comes into contact with. It is a clean bright farce of well drawn characters and was built for laughing purposes only.

William Collier played "Nothing But the Truth" for a year at the Longacre Theatre, New York, and it has been on tour for over two seasons.

After three years continuous success on the professional stage we are now offering "Nothing But the Truth" for amateur production. It is one of the funniest and brightest farces ever written, and it is admirably suited to amateur production.

PRICE 60 CENTS

DOROTHY'S NEIGHBORS.

A brand new comedy in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "The New Co-Ed," "Tempest and Sunshine," and many other successful plays. 4 males, 7 females. The scenes are extremely easy to arrange; two plain interiors and one exterior, a garden, or, if necessary, the two interiors will answer. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

The story is about vocational training, a subject now widely discussed; also, the distribution of large wealth.

Back of the comedy situation and snappy dialogue there is good logic and a sound moral in this pretty play, which is worthy the attention of the experienced amateur. It is a clean, wholesome play, particularly suited to high school production.

Price, 30 Cents.

MISS SOMEBODY ELSE.

A modern play in four acts by Marion Short, author of "The Touchdown," etc. 6 males, 10 females. Two interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

This delightful comedy has gripping dramatic moments, unusual character types, a striking and original plot and is essentially modern in theme and treatment. The story concerns the adventures of Constance Darcy, a multi-millionaire's young daughter. Constance embarks on a trip to find a young man who had been in her father's employ and had stolen a large sum of money. She almost succeeds, when suddenly all traces of the young man are lost. At this point she meets some old friends who are living in almost want and, in order to assist them through motives benevolent, she determines to sink her own aristocratic personality in that of a refined but humble little Irish waitress with the family that are in want. She not only carries her scheme to success in assisting the family, but finds romance and much tense and lively adventure during the period of her incognito, aside from capturing the young man who had defrauded her father. The story is full of bright comedy lines and dramatic situations and is highly recommended for amateur production. This is one of the best comedies we have ever offered with a large number of female characters. The dialogue is bright and the play is full of action from start to finish; not a dull moment in it. This is a great comedy for high schools and colleges, and the wholesome story will please the parents and teachers. We strongly recommend it.

Price, 30 Cents.

PURPLE AND FINE LINEN.

An exceptionally pretty comedy of Puritan New England, in three acts, by Amita B. Fairgrieve and Helena Miller. 9 male, 5 female characters.

This is the Lend A Hand Smith College prize play. It is an admirable play for amateurs, is rich in character portrayal of varied types and is not too difficult while thoroughly pleasing.

Price, 30 Cents.

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